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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	665	"What is Victory?" By A. G. ...	677
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		An After-War Theatre. By Robb Lawson ...	677
A "Conclave" or "The International" ...	668	The Church and the World. By A. Graham-Barton, Cromwell, Sacardos, "Infantryman," J. Redmond, and Martin Bretherton ...	677
The Triumph of the Military in Germany ...	669	POETRY:—	
American War-Finance ...	671	The Lost Songs. By G. H. ...	678
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	672	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By H. M. T. ...	679
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		REVIEWS:—	
The New Dayspring ...	673	A Chapter on Autobiographies. By the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P. ...	680
The Spirits! ...	674	Decorative Prose ...	682
COMMUNICATIONS:—		A Quaker Scholar ...	682
Cheering Them Up. By Cicely ...	675	Self and the Cosmos ...	684
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		The Keepers of the Keys ...	686
Can Radicalism and Socialism Unite? By E. Melland ...	676	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	686
Things "Within Bounds." By Beattie F. Barrett ...	676		
The Scales of Justice. By Murrayfield ...	676		
Principle versus Expediency. By E. B. B. ...	676		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE German terms to Russia, defined in an ultimatum which admits of no appreciable modification, are surely the harshest ever presented to a "Great Power." Russia is to surrender her entire Borderland, sinking back to narrower limits than Peter the Great found at his accession. Finland, Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, Poland, Ukraina are all to go, with their population of fifty millions. None of this population, as it happens, is Russian, but its loss means that Great Russia will touch the Baltic only at Cronstadt and the Neva's mouth. From all these regions Russian troops and Red Guards are to be withdrawn, and Russia renounces all right to intervene in them. Similarly, Russia is to restore her old frontier with Turkey. Her warships are to be disarmed, or kept in Russian harbors. The German demands are imposed for a commercial treaty and for the resumption of legal-political relations. Most-favored-nation treatment is secured up till 1925, with the untariffed export of ores. There is to be indemnification for civil damages, and for the upkeep of prisoners, which may amount to the figure, huge in view of Russia's poverty, nominally of 300 millions sterling; really, we suppose, at the rouble's present value, of half this amount, or less. Finally, Russia must stop all propaganda in or against the Central Powers. Twelve years ago Sir Edward Grey adopted the policy of restoring Russia to her rank as a Great Power. It involved loans, a quasi-alliance, and in effect the maintenance of the prestige of Tsardom, with the result that the first revolution was damped down and all reform arrested. Here, then, is a reminder as to how far the forethought of traditional statecraft may be trusted, when it acts in the dark.

It is clear now that German decision to renew the offensive took the Bolshevik Government by surprise, as well it might. With all their denunciation of Imperialism, they had not fathomed its cynicism. The problem whether to resist or capitulate caused painful doubt and sharp dissensions. Mr. Ransome, who alone of the correspondents seems able to use his opportunities, gives a moving narrative of these contradictory impulses. Trotsky, Radek, and Martoff (usually the strongest pacifist) were for organizing a defiant resistance at any cost, and so apparently were the revolutionary workmen, who were quite ready to fight. It was the Army which settled the question, by its all but universal refusal to fight. In this situation it was Lenin, always the dominant will of the Bolshevik movement, who forced his party to face facts. To the party organ, ablaze with calls to resistance, he sent an article, which was a cold, reasoned plea for capitulation, in order to save the Revolution. It was, he argued, no more treason to make peace with German Imperialism than it is treason for strikers to go back to work when they are beaten. The real treason would be to fight beside the Allies for the secret treaties. The article conveys clearly that he hopes to resume the war against Imperialism when Russia has had time to organize herself.

A SHARP dispute followed, in which Lenin contemptuously referred to Trotsky as a rhetorician and a phrasemaker. A big minority of the Bolshevik Party Executive none the less followed Trotsky. When the issue was carried from the Party Committee to the Soviet Executive the Bolshevik members were obliged by party discipline to cast a solid vote for capitulation. This course was finally approved by no very large majority, and it is probable that if there had been a free vote the decision would have been for resistance. Lenin, a cold dictator of the Parnell type, dominates his more emotional followers, but his policy is not popular, and the masses of Petrograd were evidently ready to die in the last ditch—or thought they were. How much has been gained by this abject surrender is not yet apparent. The Germans are in no hurry to accept it. They are pressing forward in small detachments, occupying the country almost unopposed, save at Pskoff, and moving with astonishing precision and rapidity. Will they be satisfied to occupy Esthonia and Ukraina, or do they mean to enter Petrograd? The arrival at Brest of the Russian *parlementaires* has been delayed, and when they do get there they are unlikely to receive attention until the diplomatists of the Central Powers have finished their dealings with Roumania. That separate peace is inevitable, and is likely to be promptly concluded, probably on the basis of a reversal of the Russian transaction of 1878—and the surrender of Bessarabia by Russia and the return of the Dobrudja to Bulgaria.

COUNT HERTLING, on Monday, opened a speech to the Reichstag, not otherwise remarkable, with the most definite invitation to a Conference which has come from

any enemy spokesman since November, 1916. Basing himself on Mr. Runciman's suggestion that a round-table Conference might begin without an agreed basis, he suggests that we should get much nearer to peace if "responsible representatives of the belligerent Powers would come together in an intimate circle [or conclave] mutually to express their views." This, he says, would dissipate misunderstandings—first of all that over Belgium. Once more he asserts that Germany "is not thinking of keeping Belgium, but she does want guarantees that Belgium may not become after the war an object or starting-point of enemy machinations." He then suggests that suggestions to this end should "come from the other side, perhaps from the Government at Havre." We are not sure if this means a separate conversation between Belgium and Germany, but the context rather suggests proposals from Belgium at a conclave of representatives from both sides. The answer, of course, can only be restoration and compensation, with Belgian neutrality guaranteed, this time by the whole League of Nations. We have nothing to lose by accepting this invitation to a preliminary, exploring conference, to discover if a basis for peace exists. Count Hertling knows the view of the whole Entente on Belgium. If he proposes to begin with this subject, the inference is that he is prepared to meet the unanimous opinion of the Allies.

* * *

THE rest of Count Hertling's speech, though quiet and almost conciliatory in tone, is not calculated to reassure us. He does indeed accept without reserves Mr. Wilson's four axioms of peace, but we are afraid that he accepts them only because he does not see their full scope. His is a dry scholastic mind, and though he quotes Augustine and Aristotle, like the Catholic professor of Philosophy that he is, there is little breadth in his thinking. He is not contemplating a true international settlement, which is what Mr. Wilson really meant. But which of our statesmen does that? He is an old man, moving amid belated traditions. Of his definite statements, the most serious are (1) that Alsace cannot be regarded as an international question; (2) that some military rectifications will be made at the expense of Polish territory; and (3) that Courland and Lithuania are not on the same footing as the other provinces of the Russian Border. In Livonia and Esthonia, Germany has no intention of "establishing" herself [they are, it is said, to be neutralized], but he hesitates to make this declaration about Courland and Lithuania, though they are to have "self-determination" and "self-administration." There followed the usual indictment of the annexationist aims of the Entente, based on the irrefutable evidence of the secret treaties. Our rulers have brought it about that we must read these reproaches from an enemy without the ability to make any better reply than "Tu quoque." Mr. Balfour, however, lost no time in replying to the Count, and said that "to begin negotiations unless you see your way to carry them through successfully would be the greatest crime against the future peace of the world." As if bargaining began only when the reasons for it had disappeared! Yet while these arid and circuitous minds talk into the void, youth dies and society perishes.

* * *

THE London Conference of the Allied Socialist Parties ended on Saturday in complete agreement. The discussions were harmonious and detailed, and the revised memorandum of war-aims or peace-aims covers almost every question in dispute, except the freedom of the seas. The admirable sections of the British draft on the League of Nations, disarmament, and economic peace, emerge even fuller and stronger than they originally were, and the idea of a League is treated throughout as the organic principle of a settlement from which everything else must be derived. Thus a real meaning is given to the technique of self-determination when it is said that in every case the procedure to be adopted must be fixed by the supernational authority and carried

out by it. On the question of disarmament, the standing difference between British Labor and Continental Socialism has not been bridged. Conscription must be abolished, but it is not determined whether it shall give way to small voluntary armies or to citizen militias on a compulsory basis. Stress is laid on the nationalization of armaments. The sections repudiating an economic war after war have lost nothing of their original incisiveness.

* * *

WE cannot congratulate the Conference with the same enthusiasm on its detailed application of these principles to territorial questions. The African clause, however, is much improved, and now calls for international control of the Tropics, but not for international administration; it also states that the return of her Colonies to Germany must not be an obstacle to peace. The clause about Alsace-Lorraine insists that the breach of the Treaty of Frankfurt make "null and void the gains of a brutal conquest." France "having secured this recognition," may agree to a *plébiscite*. Is this a harmless but pedantic legalism, or does it mean that the world must go on fighting until Germany formally surrenders the provinces to France? The clause about Austria is also new, and reproduces the Tchech thesis. The Tchechs and South Slavs must have the right to set up as independent States, but they may thereafter re-constitute Austria as a Danubian Federation. Is this, again, mere pedantry, or does it mean that we must fight until the Hapsburg Empire is dissolved? The latter is the natural meaning, though we gravely doubt if many of the delegates mean anything of the kind. Unity was reached by the adoption of the extremer claims all round. Unity, however, was the indispensable condition for obtaining passports to an International Conference. That demand can no longer be resisted.

* * *

THE fighting of Tuesday and Wednesday of last week took the edge off our surprise at the capture of Jericho. Its fate was decided some miles to the west, and on Thursday the mounted Australians rode through the squalid little town that bears the title of the famous city, whose ruins lie in the valley to the west. It is not as a city that the place ranks high; but it is a site of great importance. Many roads converge upon it, and by its capture General Allenby secures at once an alternative route through better watered country for the advance upon Nablus (Shechem). The road to the Jordan bridge and fords is opened, and the troops have already carried their right flank to the Jordan Valley and across the river. By this development they not only secure this flank, which has hitherto been in the air, but they also make it difficult for the Turks to act any longer against the British right. Some twenty miles to the east of our outposts lies the Hedjaz railway, up which the Arabs are advancing; and, by clearing their way to the Dead Sea, the British have established a virtual contact with the Arab patrols who are acting on its eastern shores. The plain of Jericho provides easier going for the troops, and the leverage of this new success should make the position of the Turkish base at Nablus much more precarious.

* * *

BEYOND Nablus there is a vista which has no doubt captured the imagination of those who can still see the war in terms of towns and territory. There can be little doubt that the development of the situation until Turkey has suffered a mortal blow is regarded as a serious possibility. If it were planned on prudent lines it might succeed, and the co-operation of Generals Allenby and Marshall would be necessary. The latter is now advancing up the Euphrates upon Hit, and it is impossible not to reflect that the route opened by the capture of Jericho and the Euphrates road both look to Aleppo. This is a far cry as yet; but General Marshall acted with bold initiative under Maude, and it was no doubt upon the favorable reports of the latter that

Marshall was appointed to the chief command in Mesopotamia. If we are to believe the Turkish reports, Marshall has made several unsuccessful attempts to take Hit; but the truth probably is that he has been carefully feeling his ground before striking. Allenby's position in Palestine is one of dazzling simplicity as compared with that of Marshall, who is almost surrounded by the enemy now that the Russians are out of the struggle. There is room there for a Quartermaster-General of genius, and it is in that department that success is to be found.

If the Germans are to strike on the West, it would be half the battle to know the point of attack. Speculation has favored in turn almost every sector of the front during the last few weeks, and the Italian Front seems to have attracted attention recently. But there the best sector for assault is season-bound until about May, and any German offensive should be well on its way before that time. From its tactical condition, the Cambrai part of the line offers the best chances for immediate assault. Bourlon Wood has achieved so great a hold on the imagination that it is not widely appreciated how much lower it is than Gonnelleu, which lies within the 130 metre contour. It was natural that this should be so while we were fighting on the wooded mound of Bourlon, for then we held Gonnelleu. But this position was lost in the German counter-attack, and it now furnishes a window into the British lines. French military critics look upon this as the best chance for the Germans, more particularly because the German communications are so highly developed in this area, and a success might promise to wipe out the moral failure of last year's retreat. But it is not only the Germans who look to the resurrection of open warfare, and Hindenburg's plan of retreating on the centre to gain an opening for enveloping the flanks attracts all soldiers. The odds are still strongly in the Allies' favor.

THE adoption of their new constitution by the Labor Party meeting this week is an event of high political moment. It makes two new appeals to the electorate, one to men voters of democratic views who are not trade unionists or members of a Socialist body, the other to women voters. The formation of local organizations in the several constituencies, in which these new elements will be incorporated, is a definite advance towards a national democratic party. But the out-and-out supporters of the democratic idea were forced to compromise with the trade unions, who at present hold the reins and the money. The I.L.P., challenging the draft constitution on two points, the "block vote" by which minorities, however large, are unrepresented in the national unions, and the demand for an election of the Executive by sections (which would enable the Socialist Societies to secure two members), was defeated on both points by the use at the Conference of the very method of voting which they sought to change. It is, we believe, left to the local organizations to apply the block vote locally or not as they prefer. But since thirteen votes of an Executive, now enlarged to twenty-three, will fall to representatives of the national organizations, it seems pretty clear that the trade union majorities can rule the party policy as before. For the local organizations will only have five representatives, and four places are reserved for women.

LITTLE opposition to the admission of the new elements was disclosed. For there is evidently no fear that Labor can be swamped by middle-class adherents, or that the admission of working-class non-unionists can secure for the latter any dangerous power. Apart from the constitutional change, the most important act was the formal adoption of the large Socialistic policy comprised in the constitution. For the first time there will exist in this country a Socialist Party covering the laboring classes of the country and comparable in size

with the great Continental parties that bear the name. For though this Socialism, State and Municipal, is not "whole-hog," it goes far enough to last our time and to bring the organised workers of the country into more sympathetic *rapprochement* than hitherto with the Continental idea of the "international."

THOUGH it is yet too soon to test the success of the rationing scheme, certain evident facts are disclosed by the opening days of the experiment. Queues have almost wholly disappeared, except in some quarters for the early morning demand for butter. Many families are as butterless as ever, because of the pressure upon the early supplies of the week. They will presumably have their reward when the later weekly supply reaches the retailer. With meat it is just the opposite. The ration is so small that nearly every family is saving all its tickets for the week-end joint. So Smithfield has presented the unwonted spectacle of a supply far exceeding the demand in the early part of the week. The supply of poultry and game has been very small, since only the best cut, it is calculated, will be sold, and it does not pay shops or restaurants to furnish them. The demand for fish has been great and the price inordinately high. But though every care has evidently been taken to secure a good start, troubles are ahead. Munition men and other hard manual workers bitterly complain of the inadequacy of the meat ration. If, however, it is raised, as is likely, the ration of others must be reduced, widening the area of discontent. Even more serious is the doubt whether Governmental forethought has taken due consideration of the increased consumption of bread which the short supply of meat and other foods must certainly entail.

THE rumors current last autumn that Japan was about to throw her military weight into Europe, by sending a force to Russia, are again current. The "Echo de Paris," a military organ, gives them in a very positive form, and points to Russia as the field of action. The "Times," though with less detail and in more oracular language, confirmed them in a leading article on Wednesday. Mr. Balfour denies, however, that a fresh "reciprocal" military convention with Japan is probable, whatever that may mean. In a statement to the House of Representatives on Sunday, Viscount Motono said that if Russia actually concludes peace, "Japan will take steps of the most decided and most adequate character to meet the occasion." Bad as this is, we hope it is all, but we fear that more may lie behind this arrangement. It must be recollected that the more or less independent Republic of Siberia is anti-Bolshevik. Is it possible that Japan is going to supply arms, and possibly men, to enable it to overthrow the Bolshevik Government? Such a suspicion is not unfair, in view of the loan of money and men by France to the Ukrainian Rada. We hope that Parliament will elicit the details of this obscure transaction. Of course no one supposes that Japan is going to fight the Germans on the Russian front. That is a material and moral impossibility, and even the "Echo de Paris" must know better. Distance, to say nothing of the certain resistance of the Bolsheviks to a Japanese incursion, is an insuperable obstacle. Last autumn, all the Russian parties including even the Cadets, were opposed to the acceptance of Japanese aid.

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Politics and Affairs.

A "CONCLAVE" OR "THE INTERNATIONAL"?

A WEEK of rushing events has made for the Allied peoples one of the severest tests of our temper which has yet come to us in this war. We have had to watch, impotent and ashamed, the military promenade of the German forces towards Petrograd. With all their recklessness and violence, many of us had learned to admire the dash, the spirit, and the genius of the Bolshevik leaders who destroyed secret diplomacy, and re-created the lost solidarity of the European masses. We have to witness their humiliation at the hands of a Government which can wield no weapon but force; and as the German armies advance in their renewed and unprovoked offensive against a foe who had laid down his arms, we measure also the weakness and complacency of the German progressive coalition, which utters no effective word of protest.

A ray of hope came to us in this dark hour, but it fell far beyond the foreground of our landscape. The Allied Socialist Conference achieved unity, and pointed the way to a peace of democratic reconstruction. It is a sure way, but it is not a short way. It seems to lead, at best after several months, to a possible but by no means certain agreement among all the proletarian forces of the belligerent nations, which in its turn might react, again after a lapse of time, upon the warring Governments. To this hope we turned, for we had no other. What chance of the emergence of a better mind could we see among the rulers of Germany? They manifestly are walking girt with the chains which the dominant soldiers and the Fatherland Party have laid upon them. Rarely since Belgium was first invaded have we seen so clearly what Mr. Wilson has called "the ugly face" of Prussian Militarism, and rarely have we felt less disposed to approach it, or to bargain with it. We all realize that the key to German policy in the East is, at this moment, the hostility of the Prussian Junkers and industrial magnates to the Socialist Revolution in Russia. We all perceive that Count Hertling's plans in the Russian Borderland involve disguised annexations, and German protectorates. It would be easy to rally the Allied democracies at any cost to an unflinching resistance to these schemes, were it not that the Allied Governments are equally hostile to the Revolution, and stand convicted in the secret treaties of schemes of annexation which lacked even the decency of disguise.

In this mood we have to consider an overture from Count Hertling, the most direct which any German statesman has made since November, 1916. His acts are a brutal assertion of military power. His words are a specious approach to peace. Let us consider these words. He has taken as his starting-point the remarkable and outspoken speech which Mr. Runciman contributed to the debate on the Address (February 13th). Mr. Runciman welcomed the idea that representatives of the Powers might even now "get around a table." He said that it was not necessary to have "common ground" before they sat down. He added the sagacious reflection "that towards the end of the war the only common ground would be a desire for peace without any very definite notion about what that peace might mean." What he proposed was obviously what Lord Rosebery once called "a conversation in a wayside inn," to discover whether common ground can anywhere be found. This proposal Count Hertling has now made his own. He desires that "responsible representatives of the

belligerent Powers should meet in conclave for a discussion." This seems to mean a full, though not at first a binding, meeting of plenipotentiaries. He suggests as the first topic for discussion Belgium. The choice of an opening is remarkable. Count Hertling, in a long career, has proved himself a man of ability in more than one walk of life. He knows very well that on no single question are the Allied Governments less inclined to compromise, and he must surely realize that on this question even the most pacific sections of Allied public opinion are solidly behind the Governments. Our difficulty is to guess what there can be to discuss. Belgium must recover her absolute independence, and Bethmann-Hollweg's promise of compensation for the wrong done to her must be fulfilled. He asked for proposals from the Havre Government. What can it propose, save restoration and compensation? Count Hertling can have no illusions on this subject. We must assume, that since he proposes to discuss Belgium first of all, he has it in his power to meet the open and unwavering demands of the Allies. On this ground we have assuredly nothing to lose by discussion. We are all united, and the opinion of the whole world is behind us. No wedge can be driven at this point into our alliance. If the "conclave" were to break down over this question the moral responsibility for the continuance of the war would not lie with us, nor would it be imputed to us. That is so clear that we need not pause to answer the usual chatter about a "peace-trap." If there is a trap, then Count Hertling will fall into the pit which he had dugged for his enemy. We ought not to refuse any discussion without prejudice and without armistice, but to refuse a discussion on Belgium would be to decline battle with all the ground in our favor. We would make only one stipulation. Let us take a leaf from Trotsky's brilliant, but unfinished, book. By all means let there be private and informal talks, as there were even at Brest, but the formal discussions must be published to the world. Yet of what use are the suggestions of ordinary prudence and common sense? For even now we hear the sound of the door shut again with more than usual emphasis by Mr. Balfour, who says in effect that while we are not in agreement there is nothing to negotiate about.

To guess what is in Count Hertling's mind is harder than to say how he should be answered. We imagine that in spite of recent successes, or even because of them, Count Hertling does want peace. He has Austria to deal with, and her mind is not in doubt. He has the German masses to deal with, and already there are ominous rumors that the strikes may be renewed. It is likely that the "Eastern" school is in the ascendant. It has just ensured German domination over the entire Russian Borderland, and extended its sphere of influence beyond the wildest hopes of the most bellicose. It may now be about to apply the other half of the "Easterner's" programme—a friendly and easy peace with the Western Powers. That was always Herr von Kühlmann's recipe. If the soldiers have forced him rather further than he wished to go against Russia, he may in turn have secured a free hand in the West, which means the offer of comparatively liberal terms to the French, the Belgians, and ourselves. That is the real "peace-trap," and the only one which we fear. We are not prepared, whatever some of our Imperialists may desire, to sacrifice the East for the sake of satisfactions in the West, even if these were to include, what Count Hertling again refuses, a "reconsideration" of the Alsatian question. A settlement which left standing the menace of a "Mitteleuropa," with its border drawn from Reval to Odessa and its feelers stretching far into the Middle East and the Turco-Tartar

regions of decomposing Russia, would bisect the civilized world, and fling us back into the armed peace and the balance of power. The problem none the less is difficult. We cannot propose, and we do not desire, the restoration of this entire Borderland to a chaotic Russia. Count Hertling assures us, with some very ominous phrases that convey reservations, that he proposes only to facilitate the "self-determination" of these regions. Even were he honest there, have they any effective choice? Let them be formally as sovereign and independent as they please, can these little States avoid gravitating to the greater mass of Central Europe? They can no longer lean on Russia. Their middle and upper class, moreover, dread Bolshevik Russia as sincerely as their masses used to hate Tsarist Russia. The magnet may be brutal, but none the less the needle must turn to it. In this situation we have to deal with politics which look like physics. If we were to enter Count Hertling's "conclave," it would be to get those honest guarantees for the "self-determination" of these regions which Trotsky failed to secure. There can be no truly independent small States in Continental Europe under an armed peace and amid economic war. The exceptions live in peninsular isolation, like Norway, Sweden, and Spain, or else among the Alps. The test, then, of the Eastern settlement, and the way of escape from the "peace-trap" lies for us beyond geography and frontier ethnography. It lies in the abolition of armaments, and the creation of a League of Nations. When we have got these things, but not before, the little nationalities will breathe freely, even at Prussia's gates. Count Hertling's attitude to these matters is cold, but it is not so hostile as M. Clemenceau's.

We come back by this road to the biggest and most permanent event of the week. We would welcome any "conclave" of Governments, but its work will be ill done, unless it fits into the framework which the Allied Socialists have devised. If Western Socialism lacks the impetus and genius of the Bolsheviks, it has supplied what they sadly missed—a constructive vision of a future world. Their memorandum translates into detailed terms what we all mean when we talk of "making democracy secure." It can be done by these means, and it can be done by nothing less. We must have a League of Nations, disarmament, and economic peace, a true co-operative society of peoples, which conducts exchange and acts beyond the seas for the common good of the whole. The early American proposals for a League of Nations made a sound beginning, but they were rudimentary. These Socialist thinkers have understood, as Mr. Taft and his colleagues did not, that peace in a modern world cannot be built on arbitration and conciliation alone. The real causes of war must be removed, and they are the strife for raw materials and spheres of exploitation, colonial rivalry, the trade in armaments, and the issue of nationality. The League must be an immense synthesis which rests on social principles. The raw materials must be distributed to each according to his need. The "right to work" must be recognized for nations as for individuals. The colonies must be administered for the good of their native inhabitants, and their produce must serve no imperial monopolies. All this is so well said in the Memorandum, and so wisely built into the foundations of the coming peace, that we are loath to add a word of criticism on the territorial proposals of the Memorandum. Here each party has brought its extreme demand to the common stock, and all of them have been stitched together, with the result that they constitute a formidable Maximum. It is surely legal pedantry

which agrees that the solution for Alsace is a *plébiscite*, but none the less demands a formal preliminary disannexation. The Italian clause retains more than a strategic Imperialism. The Austrian clause, with peculiar infelicity, alienates the best friend of peace in the enemy camp by suggesting independence (not autonomy) for Tchecho-Slovaks and Jougo-Slavs, while absurdly disclaiming the intention to dismember. The Turkish Clause shears away immense regions of the Empire, while omitting to demand reform for what remains. We doubt whether our Labor Party realizes the vast scope of these demands, and we question whether this is actually the minimum for which Mr. Henderson, Mr. MacDonald, and Mr. Smillie would think it right to prolong the war. There will have to be a very tolerant and open-minded revision before even the "Minority" German Socialists can be expected to adopt these terms. In the end we have faith that, when all the Socialists come together, they will find their agreements on the general issues of peace so much more important than their territorial differences, that they will not wreck the hope of civilization over the Bedouin of Mesopotamia, or the niceties of the Tchecho-Slovak ideology. Will the Allied Governments again deny passports to a Socialist International? The world's need of peace is imperious. The Government will not live long which closes that door.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE MILITARY IN GERMANY.

THE military party in Germany has won all along the line. It has acted as though the Reichstag did not exist. It is of no avail to enter into a discussion as to whether in fact the German pretext is true that the re-establishment of order in the frontier countries was urgently necessary, and called for by the inhabitants themselves. These are contentions whose truth has to be demonstrated to the satisfaction of Europe at a general peace conference, if they are to be believed at all. If Germany had said: "We occupy these regions in the interests of public security, and reserve the final decision as to their destiny for the general peace conference, when it will be based upon the principle, proclaimed by the Entente and accepted by ourselves, of the right of self-determination for the population of territories which have changed hands during the war," then there would have been ground for hope. Germany has, instead, put into practice the reactionary principle proclaimed by Hertling on February 24th, and demolished by President Wilson, that its separate arrangements with individual States are no concern of the world at large. We may rely upon it that the President will not hesitate with the *riposte* which he threatened. If separate political arrangements are permissible, then separate commercial arrangements are permissible also, and they will be made. That portion of President Wilson's speech was carefully concealed from the German public. A forceful reminder of its practicability might yet awaken the German people to the nature of the fate which their military masters are heaping up for them.

But we acknowledge that the hope does not seem bright. The High Command, blind to all considerations but its own desperate case, is plunging. The treaty of peace with the Ukraine was formally signed by its representative, and the fact of that signature marks the abdication by the Reichstag of any real control over political affairs. Bismarck would have died rather than submit to such an affront. One speaker in the Reichstag, a Progressive, was found to make a weak protest against it, and immediately afterwards the Progressives voted, together with every party in the Reichstag, except the Independent Socialists and the Poles, for the ratification of the treaty. No one demands the impossible of the Reichstag Majority. There are from the German point of view eminently cogent reasons

why the Ukraine treaty should be signed. The treaty contains nothing unreasonable in itself, and the inclusion of the debatable land of Cholm within the Ukraine frontiers, however Machiavellian its inspiration, was at least as just as its definite exclusion. But the validity of the treaty depended, by the German Constitution, upon its ratification by the Reichstag. The Reichstag Majority, which wishes the world to believe that its resolutions are binding upon the German Government, had only to make its ratification dependent upon the removal of the offending signature (which appears indeed hardly to have offended) from a political document in which it had, by the German Constitution, no place at all. In doing so, they would have been within their manifest rights, they would have acquitted themselves of a manifest patriotic duty—to reassert the supremacy of political control. The Government could not have opposed them, and perhaps in its secret heart it would have been glad. The Reichstag Majority preferred to ratify the treaty as it stood.

It would be folly, therefore, judging by the appearance of things, to expect that there will be much honest determined opposition to the treaty which has now been forced upon Russia, or to the purely military measures by which its enforcement was assured. True, on February 13th, commenting on Trotsky's declaration that the state of war was at an end, "Germania," the inspired organ of the Catholic Centre, after pointing out (almost in the very words used by von Kühlmann to Trotsky at Brest-Litovsk, though these were not published in Germany until two days later) that since the avowed object of the armistice was the conclusion of a formal treaty between Russia and Germany, it was, *ipso facto*, denounced by Trotsky's refusal to sign a treaty, proceeded to prove elaborately that any military advance by Germany would involve in law and fact the change of a war of defence into a war of aggression. Finally, it asserted that for the Germans to respond to the cry of help of the inhabitants of Esthonia and Livonia, however much they might sympathize with them, would be a case of that interference in the internal affairs of another country which the Central Powers had expressly disclaimed at Brest. That is incontrovertible truth. The only matter for surprise is that the obvious inspiration of the first contention should not have modified the second, which tears the last shreds of excuse from the proceedings of the German military. If the Centre were to act on the opinion of its leading organ, again there might be hope. But the chances of such action are infinitesimal.

The crucial question, as "Germania" admitted and the parties of the Left in Germany plainly saw, was that of a military advance against a power which had formally declared the state of war at an end. The Jingo and Annexationist Press clamored for it. The peace parties urged that Germany should wait upon events. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" openly stated that this was the issue which was to be decided between the High Command and the civil authorities at the conference at General Headquarters on February 13th. The leading organs of the Centre and the Progressives, therefore, left no doubt in their readers' minds as to what the decision really meant if it fell in favor of an advance. Yet, as far as we can tell, no word of protest against the advance was made in the Reichstag by any of the Majority parties. Instead, they quietly voted the treaty with the Ukraine, and all that its signature contained. What they did not do then, they will not, we may be sure, do afterwards. The military, by advancing, have got their treaty. They have demanded, over and above the territories which they delimited during the negotiations at Brest, that "in the region of Dvinsk this line shall be advanced to the eastern frontier of Courland," and they have got what they demanded. They have also demanded that the Russians shall evacuate the whole of Esthonia and Livonia, and make way for an occupying force of German "police," and the demand has been accepted. The adventure has been a material success from start to finish. The Reichstag will go through all manner of moral contortions in the effort

to condone it, but condone it it will. And yet, if it does so, it will remove from the German democracy its constitutional ground from which it could address the other democracies of the world. If the July resolution of the Reichstag Majority meant anything at all, then to ratify the treaty with Russia, in the form in which it has been given forth to the world, is nothing less than perjury. If the treaty were in the terms which were put forward by von Kühlmann and Czernin as their ultimatum in the way of concession, some defence might perhaps be found for it. But if it accepts a treaty forced on Russia after an admitted war of aggression, an admitted armed interference in Russia's internal affairs, a treaty which has annexation written on it, then what understanding can it expect from outsiders but that merely of its disastrous plight? It must know that it has taken upon itself the responsibility for the indefinite prolongation of the war, and that the world, now almost wholly its enemy, will fight on until such cynical hypocrisy has been openly disavowed. And the Austrian people, who long for a general peace, must know that the mere fact that they did not participate in the iniquity will not absolve them also from complicity in it.

But, indeed, there are moments when it seems that it is the deliberate policy of the German militarists to precipitate Austria-Hungary into disaster. The Reichstag debates have revealed that the Cholm clause of the Ukraine treaty was their work, and that they organized anti-Polish propaganda among the Russian prisoners of Ukraine origin, whom they sent back to the Cholm district. It was a clever game to play. It wrecked the chances of the Austro-Polish solution, and occasioned an immediate internal crisis in Austria. Czernin, the real head of the Austrian Government, which in July last issued an appeal to its Polish soldiers to fight for "their historical land of Cholm," must certainly have shown what that clause of the treaty would involve for Austria. Why, then, did he admit it? It would have been easy to leave the demarcation of the debated frontier to a mixed commission from the first. The irresistible conclusion is that he admitted it under duress. The Ukrainian negotiators knew that they had the Germans backing them, if, indeed, the original suggestion that they should demand the Cholm Government did not come to them directly from the Germans; and they were obstinate. Czernin had to give way, for he needed a peace to show the Austro-Hungarian people without delay. Nor is he out of the wood yet by any means. His announcement that the Cholm clause is suspended from operation, and that the frontier will be defined ("in accordance," be it noted, "with President Wilson's principle of self-determination") by a mixed commission, will not remove from the Poles their permanent suspicion of a Government which has already shown itself ready to betray them; nor will the clause itself be so easy to suspend. There is an article in the Ukraine treaty which definitely declares that its provisions form an indivisible whole, so that one clause cannot be altered without the rest becoming void.

It may be that this reading of the obscure history is uncertain. But all the probabilities point to a deliberate attempt by the German military to make difficulties for Austria-Hungary. Whether they have made it merely with the object of clearing the way to the new partition of Poland involved by their "rectification of frontier" in the East, or, more diabolically, in order to make parliamentary government in Austria an impossibility, and so hasten her collapse, we cannot say. It is hardly credible that there should be any real collusion between Austria and Germany in this business. In any case, what for the present we have to regard is the triumph of militarism, naked and unashamed, in Germany. It may be left to Austria to dissociate herself from it if she can. President Wilson has given her a fair opportunity. If it does not take it, and proves instead that its resolution was only a sham, because there is no real political will behind it, then we shall at least know where we stand. But now, of all in Germany who regard with the indignation of honest men the

soulless brutality of Prussian Junkerdom towards the Russian Republic, we know only of the protest of Scheidemann. There must be others; and Time may yet dramatically disclose them.

AMERICAN WAR-FINANCE.

ADVOCATES of a sound war-finance are concerned not only for the policy of their own country, but for that of other countries, especially of those with which they are, and are likely to remain, in close amity and business intercourse. For there is no matter in which the community of interests between great commercial nations is so clear and so pervasive as finance. When free commercial relations are re-established, it will make a great difference to everybody in this country what measures were taken by other nations for meeting the financial emergencies of the war. Next to the soundness of our own finance, that of the United States will matter most to us, for reasons too obvious to enumerate. It is, therefore, with a deep concern that we watch the Government of that country copying the grave errors of the example set to them by the governments of the European belligerent Powers, including our own, in saddling posterity with an overwhelming burden of indebtedness, instead of endeavoring to raise the largest possible amount of the war-expenditure by emergency taxation. Out of a war-expenditure for the year ending June 30th next, estimated by Mr. McAdoo to amount to some 11,527 million dollars (exclusive of loans to the Allies), sums estimated to amount to 842 million dollars and 1,069 million dollars are reckoned to be furnished by war income-tax and war profits tax respectively. The vast bulk of the residue is to be provided by borrowing. Now it is quite evident that this taxation of some 1,850 million dollars is a really trifling contribution out of the enormous sum to which war prices and war profits have raised the national income. It is, in fact, a sum considerably less than Great Britain, with less than half the American population and a good deal less than half their wealth, is furnishing this year.

Now on their entrance to the war the vices of European war-finance were already manifest in the rising rate of interest on loans, the inflation, the consequent rise of prices, and the oppression of all those classes who were not sharing the war prosperity. American economists pleaded for high taxation. Here is the language of a memorial to Congress signed by a group of distinguished Yale professors:—

"The policy of taxation for war expenditure is demanded by justice. Apart from the injustice arising from price inflation, the policy of paying for the war by bond issues gives property a preference over life—it deals unjustly as between citizen and citizen. The man who goes to the Front cannot be paid back the life or the limb he may lose. The man who stays at home should contribute his just share of the money cost without expectation of repayment. That the soldier or sailor who gives himself to his country should, if he be so fortunate as to return, be taxed to pay interest and repay capital to him who has contributed the lesser thing, money, is a crying injustice."

But it was all of no avail. Why? Can anybody doubt the reason who knows the power of money in America? We have before us a document which seems to us to make the matter pretty clear. It analyses first the composition of the Council of National Defence, entrusted among other affairs with the mobilization of financial resources. Of the 280 men sitting on this Council, more than 170 are said to be connected with corporations doing war-profiting business, as officials, directors, or large shareholders. An inquiry into forty-eight of the companies in question shows that in the year 1916 their net earnings amounted in the aggregate to 900 million dollars, as compared with 260 million dollars during the pre-war period, 1911-13. In other words, the war had more than trebled their earnings. This was before America entered the war. The full figures for a year of actual war are not yet available, but it is known that in some important companies the earnings for 1917

are still higher, and it is computed that the excess profits for these forty-eight companies alone will reach some 1,200 million dollars, or a considerably larger sum than the amount contributed by the whole body of American businesses to the war-profit taxation.

The case of the United States Steel Corporation is typical. Its net earnings have multiplied ninefold during the process of the war. Last year they amounted to no less than 520 million dollars, an advance of 56 per cent. upon the 1916 figures, though taxation and increased provision for sinking fund and depreciation gave a somewhat smaller sum available for dividend and interest. But shareholders have no reason to be dissatisfied with 17 per cent. in dividend and bonuses.

The direct instrument by which these firms have made their huge profits out of the war-trouble and the nation's need is the enormous advance of prices. Here the push of strong monopolies who have the Government in a tight place co-operates with bond issues and inflation to raise prices. Take the single example of steel billets and plates. In 1913 the price of billets at Pittsburgh was 26.50 dollars, in 1916 it had risen to 42, and by the summer of last year stood at 100 dollars. Plates during the same period had risen from 33.60 to 200 dollars. Though some small part of this rise is due to wages, the bulk of it is sheer extortion.

No serious attempt has been made to get back these extortionate profits by taxation. For while a high rate of tax has been placed upon the incomes of millionaires, the war-profit tax stands at the ridiculous maximum of 31 per cent. as compared with our flat rate of 80 per cent. And even against such light taxation business men are provided with ample loopholes of escape. An article in a recent issue of the "Public" describes the latest game:—

"For several weeks past banks, bond houses, stock gamblers and individual investors have been dumping gilt-edged securities on to the market at absurdly low prices in order to register heavy losses when making up their income-tax and excess profits tax returns at the end of the year. 'Those who know how' (says the "New York Times") 'can use the market for that purpose without losing their securities. They can be bought back at a small loss, or perhaps even at a profit.'"

After this process had been carried a certain way, Mr. McAdoo intimated that "these losses can be recorded in the tax returns without going to the trouble of actually selling the securities." They are to be counted as "constructive losses," and are now made applicable to the investments of all banks, insurance companies, corporations, and so forth. The "New York Times," entirely favorable to this measure of relief, remarks: "The teeth were put into the law by Congress. The dentistry is done by the Treasury." So much for the control of the representative system over the taxing power of Government!

This failure to tax with any adequacy the flood of war-made wealth makes it available for three purposes. First, it can freely flow into an expansion of new plant prepared for the extension of business operations and for profiteering after the war is over, when prices and profits will still rule high. Secondly, it can earn good interest upon investments in war bonds, helping to maintain the huge demand and the high prices of which it is itself the product. Or, thirdly, it may open up new trading opportunities, which not only do nothing to assist the war, but divert resources needed for that purpose into non-war profiteering channels. A striking article in a recent issue of "The New Republic" points out that in the extremity of the shipping shortage, announcements are made that "The North-American Steamship Corporation has inaugurated a freight and passenger service between New Orleans and Tampico and Vera Cruz," and that four or five boats are to be put upon this route within the next few months. A new East India service is also announced with steamers of 15,000 and 16,000 tons. A third line with a number of new boats "has been established" by interests in San Francisco to ply between that port and Guayaquil, Ecuador. The "New Republic" pertinently asks, "Was it the policy of the United States that we should enter into new shipping

enterprises to Latin America and to the remote Orient during the war?" Abstaining from effective association with the Inter-Allied Chartering Committee

"We have permitted our own citizens to descend upon neutral ships, especially Norwegians, in American ports, and to set about chartering them for utterly non-war voyages on utterly non-war routes when these same ships, left to themselves, could remain docilely within the economic net of the Inter-Allied Chartering Committee and would, without question, go and do their share of the carrying of war-goods to war-ports in France and Italy."

All these different pulls are natural enough in a country where business corporations have long had the levers of the political machinery in their hands. The strongest and most patriotic statesmen are unable to establish the effective control demanded by the sudden war emergencies. Mr. McAdoo quite recently has himself admitted that this immense war-borrowing to which he has resorted is directly responsible for a particularly dangerous mode of inflation. For

"numbers of merchants throughout the country are offering to take Liberty Bonds of the first and second issue at par, or even in some cases at a premium, in exchange for merchandise."

That is to say, the Government is spending the money loaned by the "investor," and the latter is using the "scrip" as additional purchasing power. With the extension of war-borrowing, this abuse will grow and prices soar to heights that have no limit. For the higher the prices, the more the money the Government requires, and the more the money taken by loans, the larger the inflation. We ourselves are not immune from this form of the financial disease. For we note that within the last few weeks more than one big London store has undertaken to sell Treasury Bonds with a guarantee that it will take them back in payment for goods bought at this store. There are so many evil ways in which a bad and cowardly finance corrupts the business system.

A London Diary

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I SUPPOSE that since the war began this is the darkest hour that Time has begotten of it. Force rules all. German Liberalism has gone down with the Bolsheviks, and their hateful conqueror rears his crest above both of them. All that the British democrat can say to himself is, "Do not thou bow thy head, either to it, or to its counterpart here." There is no need. Autocratic Germany fights in vain against the future. Every drive of her sword against the Russian people is a blow at her own bosom; and if only Western democracy were alive and had a statesman at its head, the force of the true impact of the war as the faithless Prussian Power conducts it would be instantly felt by her. But what are we to do against the insensate malice of a Press which acclaims the downfall of Russian Socialism with a glee untempered even by the thought that 'twas our enemy that struck it down? No hand of England's was stretched out to stay the blow. Worse still, a diplomacy as blind as Metternich's has torn the countering weapon from our hand. Happily there is America. We might have been the captain of the Western Alliance. She is.

I do not feel satisfied that the revised statement of the Allied Labor Conference is an improvement on the original document. It is more precise perhaps; but is it the better for its precision? After all, the Labor Party are not called on to draw up a Treaty; but to give the world of "statesmanship" a general lead of principle, such, for example, as Mr. Wilson has given it. The new declaration slightly hardens on Alsace-Lorraine, and inclines to the view that the case is one for France to settle, rather than a matter of world-decision. And why hark back to something like a dismemberment of Austria; for, though the word is avoided, I do not see how the thing we call Austria can cohere

with what the Conference calls a Danubian Confederation. "Self-determination" is excellent. But the dilemma at once occurs that if Europe is still to be based on force "self-determination" cannot be put into practice without causing more friction than it removes; and that if we get a League of Nations all these things may be added to us. Let us look at home. Are we prepared to give Ireland self-determination? Yes; may be, as a free-will gift. But not at German dictation. Then what likelihood is there of Austria conceding a still greater diminution of sovereign power at the hands of a hostile confederation, unless indeed we contemplate a "knock-out" victory at her expense? I am not surprised that the "Times" prefers the new Labor terms to the old. For the new Labor document, designed as an instrument of the peace of understanding, in part adds to the misunderstanding against which it fights.

COULD anything be more serious than Mr. Archibald Hurd's article in Monday's "Telegraph"? Mr. Hurd says definitely what indeed has long been known (1) that we are hundreds of thousands of tons below Sir Eric Geddes's boastful forecasts of the shipbuilding programme of last year; (2) that our production for last month is 43 per cent. below that of November; (3) that the mass production is incomparably below that of the last year before the war; (4) that there are no signs of an effective recall of men to the shipyards. That is the Government all over. It never sees the war in its true proportions. It never takes an objective view of it. It promises and does not perform. It is optimistic about the things that are going wrong, and late in putting them right. The country does not yet realize how capital have been its errors of naval policy, and how powerfully they react on the situation. But it will soon find out.

My Irish news is no better. So far as social order goes, all depends on the political solution. The Government's plan for settlement may, or may not, satisfy a section of the Convention. But if it is no more than an extension of local government, based to some degree on the relations of an American State to the Union, I doubt whether it will attain even that measure of success. All depends on largeness and generosity of plan. If that is forthcoming and the Convention assents to the introduction of such a measure, there will be an adequate rallying force against local incendiary movements. But if the Convention rejects the ministerial scheme or breaks up without a report, it would be foolish to hope for peace. Nor is Mr. Duke, whose service to Ireland has been far from negligible, likely to represent her at Westminster as the apologist of a return to coercion. He would certainly lose his best and most knowledgeable adviser, Mr. James O'Connor, the Attorney-General, who knows Ireland well, and has done his best to see her given a new start on lines of real promise. Should the Convention dissolve without an issue, the heart-work of these two men would be at an end.

LORD BRASSEY ended his long life, as some of my readers may like to know, in great longing for peace, and great doubt whether our rulers were pursuing it. Yet no man did more to revive popular affection for the Navy, or had a keener sense of its importance to the Realm. Though his great wealth was made not on the seas, but on the land, he was a sailor in look, feeling, and intellectual attachment; and the two achievements of his life—his joyous voyages in the "Sunbeam" and his editorship of the "Naval Annual"—were contributions to the revival of the "Blue Water School" which set in with his later manhood. He was a simple and loyal man; attractive in his shrewdness, capacity, and upright generosity of character. His naval policy, too, was sound and far-looking. He was quick to sound a note of warning against the multiplication of "Dreadnoughts"; and he saw quite clearly whither the Anglo-German antagonism of the last ten years was tending: Without great powers of mind or speech, he was essentially a statesman; being moderate, broad, and charitable of view, and essentially far-seeing.

PASSING some days in the western country—a land of sheltered valleys and round hills, sloping gently through innumerable orchards to tiny seaports and an azure sea—one sees less, and also in a sense more, of the war than in London. Less, because one is further away from its superficial noise and stir; and more because its secret and worst effects are more closely revealed. Now and then the sea gives up its dead, and the bay is strewn with bodies of drowned seamen and wreckage of foundered ships. But the greatest loss is not there. It comes in the starving of the land and its industries; the withdrawal of the best of our English blood, the small farmer, the skilled laborer; the shrinking of the soil's fertility; the killing of cows and other needful beasts; the stoppage mid-way of thousands of small, useful careers; the sorrow and hard toil of the women that are left; the hourly anxiety and heart-ache. Judge if the war is loved in these valleys; and imagine how profound (in spite of the submissiveness of the country-folk, their patience, and small knowledge of affairs) is the passion for peace! Here, as one lives it for a few hours, seems the only rational life; and yet, how cruelly restricted it is! The world is in conscienceless hands. I doubt if any one of its present leaders will ever be trusted again, or his name mentioned, save with the kind of horror with which Cobbett (for example) uses the hated names of Sidmouth and Liverpool and Castlereagh.

AND indeed, to distract my mind from the hateful presence of one great war to the hateful memory of another, I turned again to Cobbett's "Rural Rides." Was there ever such a picture of England, the England of a day when her patriot son could write of the London he hated—"I came up by Earl's Court, where there is, amongst the market gardens, a field of wheat." One is even tempted to think that for all the changes no great difference has been wrought in the fabric of our misfortunes since that stout figure on his cob paced over country lanes. They have merely waxed in bulk. Is not the "Wen" bigger than ever? And Brighton uglier? And the "jobbers" thick as blackberries? As for Paper Money and the National Debt, those two horrors of Cobbett's fancy have grown from the scale of Lilliput to that of Brobdingnag. One exception remains, for Cobbett wrote of what followed the last "war of liberty," and, as yet, the fall of agricultural prices that chilled his farmer's heart is far from our doors. And our work-people, we hope, are not the sullen, crouching slaves whom he described, pitied, manfully protected against their tyrants, and essentially, perhaps, misunderstood. But above them, too, stretches a power that they cannot master and do not comprehend. "As I was going up a field (he writes, in one of his simple, speaking narratives) I met a man going home from work. I asked how he got on? He said, 'Very badly,' I asked him what was the cause of it? He said the hard times. 'What times?' said I. 'Was there ever a finer summer, a finer harvest, and is there not an old wheat-rick in every farm-yard?' 'Ah!' said he, 'they make it bad for poor people, for all that.'" Well, "they" are still "making it bad for poor people," though in a different way and for different people.

I CANNOT follow Mr. Macpherson's second reply on the Cayeux scandal. It is, he says, the affair of the French civil authorities. But how is it their affair? I suppose the suggestion is that they insist on applying the gross and perilous Continental system of provided brothels to British soldiers while in France. But is it to be argued that the French have a right to force us to put brothels within bounds, if we (and the Americans) insist on keeping them out of bounds, and that our preference from our own view is a breach of the comity of the Alliance? That is a very perilous stand to take both before France and before the people of this country. And the solemn protest of the Mayor of Cayeux shows that many French civilians feel this lowering of the standard as keenly as most British fathers and mothers must feel it.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE NEW DAYSPRING.

LET the worst be granted. Let it be granted that during the present week the condition of mankind is more terrible than it has ever been since mankind had a history. Let it be granted that even the irruption of the barbarian hordes into the world of classic civilization did not inflict such intense misery upon so many human beings as we now see prevailing throughout Europe, where we believed the highest type of civilization to be firmly implanted, with the certainty of developing into types far higher. We see the powers of darkness triumphant in every land. Once again, and as never before, the devil is shown to be on the side of the big battalions, and all the kingdoms of the world are adjured to fall down and worship him. The kings of the earth take counsel how best they may do him honor, and the kings are not necessarily crowned. Among the kings of the present earth are the diplomatists, the placemen, the purveyors of false news, the propagandists of international hatred, the proprietors of cannon factories, and all who suck fatness from blood and sorrow. Let it be granted that remorseless violence, devoid of justice and obligation and pity, has extended its dominion from Antwerp to the Bosphorus and the Gulf of Finland, and that some of its opponents stand in the attitude of Satan reproving Sin. All this the passing hour compels us to grant.

We see the promising youth of the world's noblest races frustrated of their promise by death. The middle-aged and the old are left to bury youth; the children are left to be trained along the highway of death so soon as their promise also is mature. Girls have no lovers, wives are widowed, the young are fatherless. Beautiful cities are obliterated till scarcely one stone stands upon another. Fertile lands are converted into a wilderness, planted only with corpses, and forests are reduced to a bundle of sticks. Terror flies by night, and the quiet moon is transfigured into a goblin of the sky. This way and that, to and fro, across vast districts of simple country, armed hosts trample, more devastating than the locusts which eat the years. This way and that, the tormented inhabitants flee before them, in utter destitution, or snatching with them a bit of furniture, a covering, or a cradle. Peaceable men are suffering the fatal penalty of manhood; girls and women the common penalty of women. Along lines of a thousand miles, death flickers like perpetual lightning, and the thunder of death is never silent. Behind the lines, hunger and pestilence walk together, and children come to the birth bereft of reason and in monstrous shape. In hospitals or out upon open fields, thousands of rent and mutilated men writhe in torture.

Let all this be granted; none the less, in this the darkest night of man's history, we may yet perceive a glimmer as of another day. In the midst of a darkness that can be felt, we discover a light that can be felt also. Wherever an assembly of ordinary, hard-working men and women is permitted to gather, the change of increasing radiance is seen. A sense of that change pervades the crowded listeners, and inspires their welcoming cheers to any promise of hope. The common misery has bound together unnoticed and isolated beings who felt no relationship before, but now are conscious of a common aim to release themselves and all mankind from the horror which some evil power has brought upon them, without their will or their knowledge. Go to one of the great meetings in London or Glasgow or any other of our cities, and observe what passages in a speaker's words are now most applauded. They are the passages which denounce the secret machinations of established diplomacy; which denounce the hypocrisy of a statecraft concealing aggressive aims under a cloak of self-defence; the ignorant or deliberate falsification of an ally's or enemy's purpose; and the jobbery which bestows appointments or titles as rewards for political or journalistic support rather than for proved capacity.

But it is, perhaps, always easy for denunciation of

obvious iniquity to win applause. More significant is the greater applause now given to every sign of promised change. The speaker most welcomed throughout the country now is the man of faith—the man who, though surrounded by all the evidences of human abomination, hatred, and destruction at their worst, can yet believe in the underlying brotherhood of man, and the omnipotence of the human sympathy which, for want of a more definite word, we are still obliged to call love. He is the man who sways the crowd, though he may be free from rhetoric, and possess no art of eloquence beyond sincerity and the fullness of heart which compels the mouth to speak. Denunciations serve their high purpose, and are more easily understood. But the finest applause—the applause of death-like silence—answers the appeal to the constructive powers of community, and to the reason which rejects the overwhelming wretchedness of the present world as an unnecessary disaster due to traditional subservience and the traditional absurdities of rank, domination, and glory. The finest applause answers the assurance of faith in a nobler society wherein so many will be well-bred and well-fed that breeding, health, and beauty will be no distinction; the accidental divisions of educated and uneducated, leisured and workers will have disappeared; and men and women will think far too lightly of frontiers and territorial possessions to die or suffer for them.

Yesterday week (February 22nd) the "Manchester Guardian" published in full Cardinal Bourne's "Message to the Nation," which has appeared in other newspapers besides. In that message, as well as in public meetings, may be found evidence of the change—the enlightenment of mind and heart—which we regard as the one ray of present hope. The Cardinal notices, first, the revolutionists, the "Bolsheviks" of all countries, who, regarding the relation of society as incapable of remedy, would overthrow the existing order "in the hope, baseless or well-founded, that out of the chaos and destruction some better arrangement of men's lives may grow up." In our opinion, the Bolshevik danger does not lie in chaos, but in too rigid and despotic an arrangement of men's lives in accordance with the gospel of Karl Marx. But, letting that pass, we agree with the Cardinal when he says:—

"Even in the aspirations and demands of extremists we may often discern that belief in the value of human personality, that insistence upon human rights, that sense of human brotherhood, and that enthusiasm for liberty which are marked features of Catholic social doctrine."

In a later paragraph, he more definitely expresses the main idea:—

"During the war," he says, "the minds of the people have been profoundly altered. Dull acquiescence in social injustice has given way to active discontent. The very foundations of political and social life, of our economic system, of morals and religion, are being sharply scrutinised; and this not only by a few writers and speakers, but by a very large number of people in every class of life, especially among the workers. Our institutions, it is felt, must justify themselves at the bar of reason; they can no longer be taken for granted."

The Cardinal goes on to notice the effect of the inevitable admixture of all classes in the army, and the different standard of life which is the natural result:—

"The army," he says, "is not only fighting, it is also thinking. Our men have gained immensely in self-respect, in personal discipline, in a wider comprehension of national and social issues. They have met and made friends with numbers of other classes and occupations. Many, for the first time in their lives, have been properly fed and clothed, have learnt the pleasure and health that come from an outdoor life, have realised what it means to belong to a body with great traditions. They have learnt the characteristic army scorn for the self-seeking politician and empty talker; they have learnt the wide difference between the facts as they have seen them and as the daily press reports them; and they have learnt to be suspicious of official utterings and bureaucratic ways. And the general effect of all this on the young men who are the citizens of 'after the war' is little short of revolutionary."

Cardinal Bourne also speaks of the new spirit among

munition workers and other classes of Labor, and his conclusion is that "in certain leading features of modern labor unrest" we recognize "the true lineaments of the Christian spirit." Among those lineaments he counts "its passion for fair treatment and for liberty; its resentment at bureaucratic interferences with family life; its desire for self-realization and opportunities of education; above all, its conviction that persons are of more value than property."

We need not here enter into the raging controversy whether the Christian Churches have displayed those true lineaments of the Christian spirit or not. We only observe that those features characterize the spreading movement which we regard as the enlightening hope of mankind. It is a movement possessed by a passion for fair treatment, a detestation of bureaucratic interference, a desire for self-realization, a conviction that people are of more value than property. Very likely the Editor of the "Herald" has not much in common with Cardinal Bourne; yet, the very next day after the publication of that message, we find him writing:—

"Somehow our spiritual masters have made it appear as if the great object of religion was to teach us 'how to die' instead of 'how to live.' The original message of Christ is once more ringing through the land, bidding us all be up and doing, calling us all to a great crusade, urging the weak of the world to a mighty effort to confound the strong. I was asked the other day what I meant by revolution—simply this, an entirely new mental and moral outlook on life."

Amid the triumphant Dance of Death now being performed by violent hatreds and material ambitions, the hopeful expectation of such a revolution certainly requires a faith to make light of mountains. But whatever miracles such faith may work hereafter, the greatest miracle is the existence of the faith. There it stands, irresistibly recalling the blithe and fearless hope of the people whom we speak of as Early Christians. For it is like that final achievement which Marius the Epicurean found among the Christians of the second century—"the final achievement of that vein of bold and brilliant hopefulness in man, which had sustained him so far through his immense labor, his immense sorrows." Or we may remember another passage in that almost forgotten book, where the writer tells of an incident in the Emperor's Triumphal procession through Rome:—

"The child was concerned for the sorrows of one of those northern captives as he passed by, and explained to his comrade — 'There's feeling in that hand, you know!' benumbed and lifeless as it looked in the chain, seemed, in a moment, to turn the whole show into its proper tinsel."

In the light of a new dayspring, the first glimmer of which may already be discerned, it may be that the glories of present rulers, with their schemes for victorious slaughter and the plunder of other lands, will stand revealed as similar in tinsel to that Roman Triumph.

THE SPIRITS!

It is natural enough that the atmosphere of war, with its disturbing influence upon the reason, the emotions, and the imagination, should favor every sort of superstition, especially those which affect to give direct experiential testimony to survival after death, and to place the living in contact with those who have passed away. It was in this atmosphere that Sir Oliver Lodge's latest revelations took form, and have become a halo of "science" round the most flimsy array of evidence. In his work, "The Question," Mr. Edward Clodd (Grant Richard), makes a trenchant inquiry into the methods and the worth of the various spiritualist and other "psychical" phenomena which claim to furnish testimony. He is peculiarly well fitted to undertake this task, not merely by the possession of an acutely critical mind, but because of his long and close studies in anthropology. For among the most valuable passages are those in which he traces in the earliest records of man, and in the modern records of the most backward races, so many of the same beliefs, interpretations, and practices which form the staple of

the more pretentious modern methods of clairvoyance and spiritualism. "Spiritualism," he concludes, "is the old animism writ large." Table-rapping, levitation, apparitions of the dead or absent, omens, sooth-saying, palmistry, astrology, and witchcraft are old as the hills, and have always been sustained by the same sorts of evidence reacting upon nervous instability:—

"Suppose," writes Tylor, 'a wild North American Indian looking on at a Spirit Séance in London. As to the presence of disembodied spirits manifesting themselves by raps, sound, voices and other physical actions, the savage would be perfectly at home in the proceedings, for such things are part and parcel of his recognised system of nature. The part of the affair really strange to him would be the introduction of such acts as spelling and writing, which do belong to a different civilisation from his.'

We are aware of the reply which convinced modern spiritualists make, that the wide prevalence of these beliefs and practices is evidence accumulative to their case. But no accumulation of bad evidence makes good evidence, while the same weaknesses of the human mind in all times and places will tend to produce the same errors and illusions.

It is entirely a question of the value of evidence, and, as Mr. Clodd shows, there are several grounds for refusing credence even to the best cases which modern spiritualists adduce. In the first place, as he points out, hardly any of the tests are, strictly speaking, "experimental" but "experiential," a very different thing. Every scientific man is aware how rigorous should be the arrayed conditions to prove causation. In these cases of psychical research the difficulties of conducting an experiment under fully known conditions are insuperable. But even more detrimental is the "personal equation" in investigations where the emotions and desires are so powerfully implicated, and where physical deceptions are so rife. A skilled conjurer like Mr. Douglas Blackburn was easily able to hoax by sham telepathy a group of highly intelligent investigators, and remarks upon "the extraordinary gullibility displayed by Messrs. Myers and Gurney," while Madame Blavatsky, no mean witness, testifies: "I have not met with more than two or three men who knew how to observe and remark on what was going on around them."

Ordinary psychological experiments have shown the ease with which persons can deceive themselves and others as to plain matters of immediate appeal to the senses. What amount of delusion may be expected from minds and senses attuned to the mysterious environment of a séance! Many people appear to be impressed by the fact that among believers are to be found men of science. The names of several physicists, notably Sir William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, and Sir Oliver Lodge, have given scientific respectability to spiritualism. But Mr. Clodd very properly remarks that "the physicist and the mathematician are not competent witnesses to the truth or falsity of what lies outside their province." We would go further and suggest that the severe training in reasoning to which they have been subjected may be a positively disabling factor in dealing with problems of psychology where the material is so malleable and hard to fix. We believe that very few trained psychologists are to be found in the ranks of spiritualism, though many of them give much attention to abnormal psychical phenomena. For they will, better than others, realize the disqualifying circumstances of the séance:—

"It is especially at séances that the emotions, compact as they are of fear, hope and wonder, and when undisciplined, parents of countless evils, have unchecked play. The attitude of the sitters is receptive, uncritical; exaltation of feeling strengthens the wish to believe; the power of suggestion, whose continuous influence in social evolution from a great past cannot be overestimated, if dominant, and the senses are prepared to see and hear what they are told."

"Intellectuals" are in such matters nearly as credulous as uneducated persons, and the life of the specialist or bookish person is, on the whole, unfavorable to the detection of conjurers, mediums, and other conscious or unconscious tricksters. The high interest which educated and intellectual people take in their

personality and that of others, and in the psychical aspects of that personality, secretly inspires them with a keener desire for "survival" than is common among ordinary folk, and their falling away from the accepted creeds puts them more at the mercy of the new priests and fakirs who play up to their craving. The facile acceptance of answers to the most disabling criticism exhibits the extent to which common sense and ordinary logic are swamped by the atmosphere. Take, for example, the oft-cited difficulty about the clothes in which "spirits" appear. "The clothes are not, of course, material clothes; they are mere accessories, assumed, so to speak, to facilitate the question of identity!"

Mr. Clodd carefully analyses the "crucial" experiments in the case of the best-known mediums, such as Mrs. Piper and Eusapia Paladino, and shows how loose observation, improper stress upon happy guesses, and skilful fraud, dispose of many of the phenomena which were considered most conclusive.

What Mr. Clodd does not investigate, perhaps because it lies beyond the strict scope of his present purpose, is the contribution made by what is termed the subliminal consciousness to many of the so-called spirit phenomena. Remarkable messages are certainly obtained by table-rapping, automatic writing, and other methods of tapping the sub-conscious, and we still regard it as an open question whether the whole of the telepathic phenomena are the sheer frauds or delusions which Mr. Clodd appears to think them. We think that part of the plausibility of spiritualism is due to an abuse of certain psychical truths, the laws of which are not yet understood.

Communications.

CHEERING THEM UP.

Most private letters communicated to the Press have been from soldiers at the Front to their dear ones at home. The following is from a wife in England to her husband in France, who forwards it for publication after reading the "Times" of Tuesday, February 19th. It would seem to show that the anxiety of the "Times" correspondent is unjustified; we hope and believe that it is typical:—

Rottenmere Villa, The North Cliff,
Clacqueton-at-Sea.
February 17th, 1918.

DARLING ERNEST,—I have come down here with the children for a little rest after all the gaiety of a week in London, where I believe and pray the darlings enjoyed themselves immensely. Staying up late, however, owing to the air raids, is rather too much excitement for them and I feel this is the time of all when we should have a thought for the little ones. It was great fun starting off for the Tube every night about nine o'clock, and Rupert would have liked to stay outside and see the fireworks. I thought it only right to tell him that they were fireworks in honor of one of your victories. You really must not believe, my own Ernest, what the Radical papers say about the shortage of food. We have more than enough; and it is much cheaper, thanks to dear Lord Rhondda, than it was some weeks ago. Squirrels are only 14s. a pair and they are so delicious I shall never be able to give them up when peace comes. I will send you some bottled squirrel soup if you care to try it. In your last letter you mentioned larks singing in the trenches; and that reminds me we have plenty of larks here as well. Instead of the tiresome Sunday joint I am having lark pie, which the children and myself really prefer. I gather from what you wrote that Spring is much more advanced where you are than with us. How lovely it must be with all the crocuses out; it must be rather like that colored lithograph which Aunt Florence sent us for Christmas some years ago. You remember it was by some Italian painter whose name sounds like "box of cherries." When Eva asks me what papa is doing in the trenches I always show her the picture and she always laughs so sweetly. Poor Eva was dreadfully upset the other day, as I fear you may be, to hear that our dear old doggie, Carlo, died. I called in the Vet. (he only charged me two guineas), but he said it was no use as Carlo was suffering from over-eating. Poor old Carlo was so clever in his last days that he learned to open the Nestlé's Tinned Milk himself, and cook was sometimes quite angry. Pussy, I fear, is far from well; she misses her daily sparrow, as all the sparrows have been commandeered by

the local food committee and communal kitchen. Your old uncle, General John, is to be moved from the War Office and is to get £3,000 a year as Chairman of Committee; this will make a great difference to him and his family. He is moving, of course, from West Kensington to the Ritz Hotel, where he is to have very pleasant offices and a bed-sitting room attached. He has promised to ask me and the children to a Dandelion Tea directly he is installed. He tells me he is dreadfully afraid of the peace rumors and thinks they are largely due to that horrid Lord Lansdowne. I sometimes think I should like to slap him (I mean, of course, Lord L.). The general says that peace would be the worst possible thing just now for the country and would throw out of employment hundreds of generals. How awful it sounds! We are going to have such sweet little food tickets which will make things easier and cheaper. It will really make the duty of house-keeping a positive pleasure instead of a burden. Dear Mrs. Daubeney, the Rector's wife, says we shall have to use them when we go to Holy Communion, unless the Archbishop of Canterbury can think of a substitute. I hear the Bishop of Hereford thinks we ought to do without Communion; which seems to me rather dreadful, as it always makes me think of our absent ones. Then, dear Ernest, you never cared much about going to Church.

Poor Dr. Daubeney preached a few Sundays ago, taking for his text something from the Sermon on the Mount. He has been "inhibited," as it is called, under the Defence of the Realm Act. I am sorry for his wife. I don't think he really meant any harm and was really referring to the controversy about the new reredos given in memory of the Victory at Jutland.

I think, darling, I have told you all the news. We are in the very best of spirits; everyone says that as long as Mr. Lloyd George is in power there is nothing to be anxious about. I shall go up to London without the children for a few days next week, as I hear that clothes tickets will be issued quite shortly, and, though I don't want to hoard, I must order a new frock for the War Benefits Bazaar, where I have promised to take a stall. Best love and kisses from all the children and from your devoted wife,

CICELY.

Letters to the Editor.

CAN RADICALISM AND SOCIALISM UNITE?

SIR,—I hope Miss Salt's excellent letter in your issue of the 16th inst., in reference to Mr. Trevelyan's letter in the previous issue, has been widely read, for no subject is of more importance at the present time. If either P.R. or the Alternative Vote had become law we should have had, after the next general election, the first democratic House of Commons ever seen in England. But as it is, unless all friends of Democracy work hard and pull together, I am afraid the position will be much as of old, perhaps worse; Conservatives elected on minority votes against Liberal and Labor, and so on.

The old Liberal Party is now discredited and demoralized, only held together by the influence and the funds of the Party Machine. If we are to continue our old and foolish system of Two-Party Government, the Conservatives and the Whig wing of the Liberals should combine to form a "Constitutional Party" (or whatever other name they may choose), while the Radicals, Labor men, Co-operators and Socialists—in short all men and women of good-will who believe in Democracy—should form a "Democratic Party." We should then have a straight fight and there would be a sporting chance of the opinion of the country being fairly represented in the House.—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

Hale, Cheshire. February 21st, 1918.

THINGS "WITHIN BOUNDS."

SIR,—May I thank your correspondent "A Free Churchman" for the paragraph in his letter dealing with the burning subject of army morals and the case of the Conscientious Objector?

With regard to the first, I am glad to see that "the Bishop of London knows about it and has denounced it."

But this is not enough. If it is the shameful fact that the opportunities of immorality are made easy for our boys, as we hear, what we demand is a body of men not only to know of it, but with enough manhood—not to say fatherhood—to stop it, and at once.

At home earnest minded patriots are holding meetings to

acquaint ignorant people with the dangers of syphilitic diseases—abroad our Government winks at the very loathsome license which breeds it!

Women will not mind whether the champions of decency and purity are Roman Catholics or Plymouth Brothers, so that they put an end to all such outrages.

Is it not enough that our sons give their lives or endanger them without also damaging their moral natures? We think so.

As to the C.O.'s. Everyone knows they are the product of the muddled legislation which enacts that a man may have a conscience and then makes a convict of him for having it. We may not agree with the C.O.'s logic, but we ought to be big enough to insist on fair play. To say many of them are slowly being done to death is a very mild statement of the case. Two at least have died—quite needlessly—in prison—victims of our reprehensible system which no doubt claims many an unknown and friendless soul. Another, a university man, has been for two years in prison. But everyone can from their own knowledge or acquaintance add instances.

It is the inert stupidity and waste that make one writhe with impotent anger in both cases.—Yours, &c.,

BESSIE F. BARRETT.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

SIR,—Mr. Arnold Lupton, with his printer, and the two defendants in the "Morning Post" case, were tried in the same week before the same Magistrate, Sir John Dickinson, and the cases are reported in "The Times" of the 18th and 22nd instant.

(1) For printing Mr. Lupton's leaflet without his name and address on it, and for failing to keep a filed copy with the name and address of the person by whom he was employed to do the printing, Mr. S. H. Street, printer, was fined by Sir John Dickinson £72 10s. in all, with 15 guineas costs. According to the report it appears that Sir John Dickinson would have inflicted a greater penalty had it not been for the character of the printer.

(2) On behalf of Mr. Lupton, Mr. Llewellyn Williams argued that the leaflet was of an unobjectionable character. Sir John Dickinson, in his judgment, stated that he was satisfied that the whole intention of the pamphlet was mischievous and calculated to cause disaffection. The suggestions in it were certainly seditious, dangerous to the State, and prejudicial to recruiting. A conviction of somewhat similar offences in November, 1916, should have been a warning to the defendant. He sentenced Mr. Arnold Lupton to six months' imprisonment in the second division.

(3) The Solicitor-General's charge against the editor of "The Morning Post" and Lieut.-Col. Repington was that "they unlawfully and without lawful authority published information with respect to supposed plans and conduct of the military authorities and of his Majesty's allies on the Western Front in France." Sir John Dickinson addressed Lieut.-Col. Repington as follows: "I regret that a distinguished soldier forgot, momentarily I hope, to be a good citizen. The lapse was a serious one and you must pay a penalty of £100 and 40 guineas costs. The other defendant was fined £100 with 50 guineas costs.—Yours, &c.,

MURRAYFIELD.

Edinburgh. February 23rd, 1918.

PRINCIPLE VERSUS EXPEDIENCY.

SIR,—There will be a great deal of dissatisfaction and difficulty which the nation will have to face when the war is over and the men are demobilized. They have been forced to undergo hard military discipline for nearly four years, only because there is a war on. Whatever their previous occupation before the war, they will be quick to assert themselves and ask of the world a better chance than they hitherto had. Thomas Atkins, after going through what he has, will not be content to return to his old life in the slums. There will be a general movement of emancipation and freedom, which, if badly handled, may revive a blind class hatred. Sweeping changes like the Russian Revolution may take place even in a law-abiding country like England; or, if handled in the right spirit, it may be the means of much-needed reform in our existing form of Government, foreign diplomacy, and attitude towards the unemployed. The middle and upper classes will have to come forward and confer in a conciliating attitude with the Labor Party and so keep ahead of the time.

England, and every other country, must insist on referendum on such questions as war, to make it impossible for a country to be dragged into this kind of thing again by the intrigues of whichever party is in power at the time.

The whole people and not a small clique of diplomats must decide the future foreign policy of the country.

When such reforms as new Housing and Education Bills are needed, as has been the case for years, it must not

be possible to put them aside. We must insist on our Members of Parliament voting on the individual merits of each Bill that is put before the House, without reference to parties.

In short, our Government attitude towards its internal affairs and towards other States must in future be a matter of principle and not merely one of expediency.

These are questions which the people at home will have to think about now, and be prepared to face when the time comes.—Yours, &c.,

E. B. B.

British Expeditionary Force, France.
February 18th, 1918.

"WHAT IS VICTORY?"

SIR,—The themes for interesting discussions arising out of this war must, indeed, be legion in number, not the least interesting of which might be a consideration of the above subject, an article upon which appeared in your last issue; and whilst I believe the majority of your readers will agree with most of the conclusions drawn, may I be allowed to take exception to at least one of the observations made therein—viz., "The Central Empires claim to be victorious, and the claim has not been repudiated by the Allies"?

I have not seen the statement referred to, though I believe that readers of that unique publication "The Cambridge Magazine," are as well informed of events and expressions of opinion in enemy countries as most people are; nevertheless, I admit the claim may have been made. But even so, Sir, what of it? Has not a similar claim also been made a thousand times over on behalf of the Entente countries, with reasons just as good, or even better?—especially if we remember that but a few short weeks ago von Tirpitz (a Never-Endian) declared that any premature peace made then would virtually amount to or mean victory for the Entente. Again, if this claim has been made, and if it is a good one, why is it that the Kaiser is continually praying for, and exhorting his troops to fight for, this "victory" they possess? I confess it is all very puzzling to the uninitiated. Except on the assumption that he (the Kaiser—a Never-Endian) is on the same quest as our own Never-Endians of the "Orchestrated Press," who are always and for ever in pursuit of this mirage—military victory; which appears to be luring them all on to certain suicide, thought it might perhaps be as well for them if they remembered that instances are not rare when would-be suicides have been saved even from themselves. At any rate, it is becoming plainer every day that the people of all the belligerent countries are arriving at that "state of mind" when they wish to goodness that somebody, anybody, or even everybody, had got the victory they so much desire, and were making the best of it—and the debates in the House on the 12th and 13th inst. were most illuminating on that point. But, what is victory? Well, apart from whatever idea the term may convey to the mind of the ordinary individual, I feel sure that for the militarist the term—as such—does not exist, except in the phrase, "fight on for ever."—Yours, &c.,

A. G.

February 20th, 1918.

AN AFTER-WAR THEATRE.

SIR,—I am sorry if the conjuration to cut out the high-falutin' should have been misinterpreted by your correspondents. But having been rather dosed with dramatic idealism, I was anxious to see any scheme that savors of final dramatic good placed at once upon a practical basis.

The scheme submitted on February 9th was lacking in precisely these practical details. For that reason I suggested that the Archer-Barker Scheme might serve as a basis for discussion. Your correspondents have stated their objection to it without troubling to go into its details.

They want a National Theatre, which the scheme referred to supplied. May I ask how they propose to set this scheme afoot—to supply a guest house offering hospitality to actor, dramatist, producer, singer, poet, and artist. Cannot we have the details so that we can set to work upon it?

It is not my purpose to be critical—I'd rather be practical.—Yours, &c.,

ROBE LAWSON.

February 26th, 1918.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

SIR,—It is amusing, and almost pitiful, to read the letter of the writer, in your widely-read columns, who signs himself a Lieutenant of the R.N.V.R. His lamentable ignorance of the actual state of society shows that he is truly "at sea," and "rolling" in distracted waters. I am convinced, after thirty

years in a pastor's career, that tens of thousands of working men, and the majority of literary and commercial men, give great heed to the opinions of religious leaders, who, from their standpoint, see, in better perspective, the workings of the nation's life. If he includes in the theologians—the pastors of the Free Churches, and the chaplains at the Front—then, let me inform him, that no set of men know better than they do, the sexual and working-class conditions of citizenship. His sneer at God and Christ, and his laudation of self-control, betray a weakness in human judgment, which is, alas! common to men of his kidney. Without God and Christ in the world, during this war of nations, its peoples would have lost their vim and virtue, and men, who have depended on self-control alone, may be seen lying in shoals, as wreckage on the sands of time. The sermon amongst the lilies is not for such men as he, but was delivered for proclamation to the men who were destined to be the founders of the Faith which this trifler on the waters sarcastically seeks to silence. Religion and what it represents is about the only thing upon which mankind can trust in the present partial downfall of human values.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRAHAM-BARTON.

Kingsgate Chapel, Southampton Row, W.C.

SIR,—The letter by "Lieut., R.N.V.R.," in your issue of Feb. 16th, is directed against the clergy, who, on account of their red tape, deserve all he has given them. He rightly refers to the exaggerated opinion which they so foolishly entertain of their own importance, for they outwardly represent Him who made Himself no reputation. State connection is naturally hostile to genuine religion and so prevents the growth of the spirit of Christ which, in normal circumstances, would be the life of the Church. If our friends of the cloth would, as your correspondent suggests, read and inwardly digest the Sermon on the Mount, even they might in time come to see that "Moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments and not ruins behind it."—Yours, &c.,

CROMWELL.

Aberdeen.

SIR,—"Lieut., R.N.V.R.," lays it down, as the dogma of his faith, that who Christ was matters nothing: unfortunately for that dogma, Christ Himself was of a different opinion. "What think you of Christ, whose son is He?" "Whom do you say that I am?" were questions He considered important enough to be put. When He asked the second, St. Peter, instead of pointing out the unpractical character of such a question, proclaimed his belief in the Divinity of his Master, and our Lord replied to this confession of faith by declaring Peter "blessed" in his knowledge.

Your correspondent's acceptance of Christ as his model is seemingly a very qualified one. What our Lord said in the Sermon on the Mount is for him all-sufficient; what He said on other occasions apparently is not to count. However, "Lieut., R.N.V.R.," is not the first or the only person to select from the Gospels just those precepts and counsels which the selector in his wisdom regards as being all that Christ did say (or, all that He ought to have said), and, dubbing his selection "Pure and complete religion," airily ignore all others.

I gather that your correspondent means by "the Church" the Anglican Church, and I hold no brief for that body; let an Anglican defend Anglican bishops and clergy. But I would point out to your correspondent (who, very possibly, has never talked over things with a priest of the Catholic Church) that Huxley, though he made many and many a mistake about Catholicism, at any rate knew better than to regard the Catholic clergy as a negligible quantity. After spending a few days in a Catholic seminary he wrote: "It was my good fortune some time ago to pay a visit to one of the most important institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Church are trained, and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of ——— and ——— was comparable to the difference between our gallant Volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard. The Catholic priest is trained to know business, and to do it effectually . . . I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way." ("Lay Sermons.")

While admitting that not all priests possess common-sense, I venture to say that the Catholic priesthood are not only "trained to know their business and do it effectually," but are, on the whole, men of the world (which is not to call them worldly men), conversant with human nature, and also—let me tell "Lieut., R.N.V.R."—quite as little in favor of shams and formalism as is your correspondent. But I cheerfully admit that we do preach some things which are to the "Jews" a stumbling block and to the "Gentiles" foolishness.

Your correspondent expresses himself with a certain breeziness, and his dislike of sham and incompetence is most laudable,

but not so praiseworthy are some of his assertions, for they show that he has not sufficiently considered all the things he has attacked.—Yours, &c.,

SACERDOS.

SIR,—The letter under the above heading from "Lieut., R.N.V.R.," published in your issue of the 16th ult., tempts me to add a word on the subject, as one in the other branch of the Service.

I often wonder if people in this country, and clergymen in particular, are aware to what extent officers and men abroad discuss religion among themselves. The language is usually emphatic and blunt, but to the point. To my mind the breezy and sweeping assertions of "Lieut., R.N.V.R.," are in the main agreed to by the majority of soldiers.

The clergy of all denominations are in a position of supreme importance—an exalted one—and rightly so, for to them many a soldier will look for guidance, comfort, and truth. They look now almost in vain. The soldier and sailor will need religion as his sole refuge from guilt and sin, from harassing recollections of the past, from the fears and forebodings of a troubled conscience. When he comes home will he look in vain? Is he to be worn out and utterly disappointed by listening to an academic dissertation upon religious dogma by theological quibblers?

Must the soldier and the sailor wait for the solution of metaphysical questions as to redemption? Must we wait until serio-comic clergymen have decided, whether fine, good men are fitted to preach the truth, because in some particular they do not see eye-to-eye with the Archbishop or Bishop; or as to the correct interpretation to be put upon the doctrines of Lobengula or Wanghoo?

"The essence of religion is something far more catholic than its creeds."

When lying in hospital in France, a Church of England clergyman asked me whether I would join in the Communion Service. I replied I would, but being a Nonconformist he might not care for me to join; adding "Your Bishop would boot you out of your job if he knew."

He replied: "Oh! things are different out here. Of course, in England I would first ask my Bishop."

Why, in the name of Christianity, should not this clergyman administer the sacrament to me in England?

Believe me, it is this and similar unchristian attitudes on the part of the clergy of all denominations which will drive us all to golf on Sunday mornings, to sleep on Sunday afternoons, and to the picture house on Sunday evenings.

Afternoon tea and the Dorcas Society only will be reserved for the clergy.

The power of the pulpit is not dead. A spark of religious feeling exists within the souls of everyone, however much depraved; and men are willing and eager to have that spark kindled so it may become a living flame.

We want the simple truth powerfully dealt with, to learn of the things that matter, the real things of life, the things eternal.—Yours, &c.,

"INFANTRYMAN."

SIR,—No doubt "Lieut., R.N.V.R.," felt very well pleased when with bold blusterings and Canadianisms he had relieved his feelings. He might have made it clear whether he meant by "the Church" the whole of organized Christianity or some particular body. Both the Church of England and the Free Churches have an extensive following which includes not a few workers, scientific, literary, and the rest, and the fact that these persons attend their services is sufficient proof that they do, indeed, care "tuppence" for the opinions of the representatives of the Church.

As a Roman Catholic, a member of a Church which numbers many millions of believers, and includes persons of every state in life, I can say without hesitation that every one of my co-religionists cares a great deal for the opinions of the representatives of the Church when those opinions concern matters of faith and morals, or akin thereto. We believe that Christ founded a human society which, like any other society, must have authorized officials, and that our clergy inherit that authority to teach which Christ undoubtedly gave to His Apostles.

If Christian religion were simply a matter of reading the Sermon on the Mount, as "Lieut., R.N.V.R.," would have us believe, there would not be so many divisions and diversities. All Christians admit that the Scriptures have practical bearings on daily life; but the inner meaning of the Scriptures is not always easy to determine. The Sacred Writings have to be studied and sifted, not merely read—even the sublime Sermon on the Mount has its difficult passages, and needs to be reconciled with other sayings of our Lord—and for this the average layman has very little time. He looks to the clergy, whose business it is, to show him how the teaching of Christ bears upon the questions of the day. To argue, as your

correspondent does, that the opinions of the clergy on problems, sexual, &c., of the majority, are of no value because they are not based upon personal experience, is equal to arguing that a doctor is unfit to treat small-pox unless he has had it.

Stating the case for the clergy of my own church, I can say that their long training, founded as it is on the experience of many centuries, and the expert understanding of human nature which they acquire through the confessional, gives them an extraordinary insight into all these problems.

If "Lieut., R.N.V.R.," is doubtful let him consult a priest, or read such writings as the encyclicals of Leo. XIII.

I quite agree that "Lieut., R.N.V.R.," is at sea—and rolling.—Yours, &c.,

J. REDMOND.

SIR,—"Lieut., R.N.V.R." is up against the old stumbling block of Ecclesiasticism compared with Christianity, but like all of his kind to-day he slangs not the "Christus" but the "Pontifex"; and his suggestion that the Church is a failure proves not that Christianity is a failure; it only suggests that the time of institutional religion has passed.

If Church opinions are not "cared tuppence for," Church opinions are plainly not worth having; but let me as a layman say that if we are to have God the Father and our Lord as "guides for a decent life" it is surely of the greatest possible importance that we should know to the fullest extent of our capability for understanding both "who and what" they are, and the opinion of those who profess, to say the least of it, to be able to help and enlighten us can scarcely rightly be considered "dam all."

MARTIN BRETHERTON.

King's Stanley Rectory, Gloucestershire.

Poetry.

THE LOST SONGS.

As I lay out the other night
Upon the mountain high,
All the lost songs of the world
Came throbbing through the sky.

Some schoolboy of the Angel-folk
At play by Heaven-town,
Had found the ancient well of Time
And dropped a bucket down.

He dropped it down, he pulled it up,
A singing water filled it;
He caught the rim against the moon
And o'er the Earth he spilled it.

Now Time's old well is wide and deep,
And in it there are drowned
All the dumb songs men could not sing
Because their tongues were bound;

Strong impulses of melody
That never found their birth,
But helped to mould immortal clay
Out of the common earth.

Now in full voice, unfettered joy,
Among the stars they tumbled;
They fell in spray from cloud to cloud,
All singing things they humbled.

O piercing sweetness, silvery din,
Ten thousand mingling notes:
The nightingales of all the world
Had lent the stars their throats!

O Love, when Time is dead, we'll stand
In Heaven's transparent weather,
And all the lost songs of the world
We'll sing again together.

G. H.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "English History in Shakespeare." By J. A. R. Marriott. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Psychology of Marriage." By Walter Gallichan. (Werner Laurie. 5s. net.)
 "Cambridge Papers." Essays. By W. W. Rouse Ball. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
 "Dunch." Poems. By Susan Miles. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "1920." Dips into the near future. By Lucian. (Headley. 2s. net.)
 "The Tideway." By John Ayscough. (John Long. 6s. net.)

* * *

IN their new enthusiasm for the *Souvenirs entomologiques* of Fabre, our publishers, when making selections from the naturalist's writings to accord with titles they judge will attract book-buyers here, might take care they do not publish the same chapters in books under different titles within such a short interval as two months. Recently, under the name of "The Life of the Caterpillar," we had Fabre's observations on the Pine Processionary Moth and the Cabbage Butterfly among other things; which appear again in a new volume, just published by Fisher Unwin, called "The Wonders of Instinct." Both chapters, as examples of what mysteries of life a naturalist of cunning sympathy and imagination may show are dark in creatures whose existence is beneath our notice (except, maybe, when they ruin our cabbages), are so remarkable that even readers who know little of the French naturalist, and care less for his "bugs," are as surprised as if he were the Hindu conjuror who casually throws into the sky a rope-end up which a boy swarms and vanishes. The desire to give such good things wide publicity is natural, of course, but it should be expressed with more care.

* * *

BESIDES, there is much of the *Souvenirs* yet to be put into English, and as no doubt it will prove as good as the chapters on "the psychology of insects" included in this volume, it will be very welcome indeed. Even if you are of that vast majority who never notice insects except when they are annoying, yet find books of exploration and hunting at least a relief from the study of food-cards, you will enjoy Fabre. You will want more extracts from his chronicles. He was not only a great naturalist, but he was a writer of genius. In a narrative of his of a creature so insignificant that you had never heard of it till Fabre staged it, you become as unconsciously absorbed in the adventures of the atom as though it were a character in drama, beset by inimical circumstance, but indomitable to the last, working out its predestined and irrevocable doom like one of Hardy's favorite heroines. There is nothing in English entomology to compare with it, though the material for such books of wonder is now abundant; but, then, so is that for good books of any sort

* * *

THE fact is, Fabre was touched. Once he actually refused something really nice from the Government. He not only had zeal for an obscure work which kept him so poor in goods that more intelligent people would naturally declare he was mad, but he was so serene and far-looking that he never noticed his trouble, but continued to survey the world below him speculatively yet without reproof. And he had other qualities, expressed as a genial comradeship in his writings, that only now, worse luck, are we beginning to prize in another mortal. His understanding of all humble things was kindly, wide, and steady. He was a really great man, yet allowed that to trouble his fellows so little that few of them knew it. He had no ambition, no desire for fame, showed a strange aversion from meddling with other people's affairs, dodged honors as though they were brick-bats, and died poor, aged, but happy. All this, when set down, bears such a preposterous resemblance to a successful life that it is unfair to those who have tried genuinely to do well. Still, there is no need for us to follow his example, though we may enjoy his books.

I AM afraid I have wasted more time than most in reading narratives of travel and hunting, but it is evident to me now, having found grace, that Fabre's adventures with the wasps, bees, and spiders, no farther off than just outside the door of his home in his Provençal village, needed a finer enthusiasm, patience, endurance, and skill than I have seen recorded in all the works of polar exploration I have read; and with a result that the travels of his eye and mind have produced for us more remarkable experiences with wild life than in any book I know of big-game hunting. Going to Africa to shoot elephants is coarse and unattractive sport beside the adventure of hunting down, in an uncharted jungle of error, doubt, and ignorance, the fact that certain mother bees can decide, at the moment of laying eggs (after taking all they know into consideration), whether the eggs shall be male or female. What actually happens at that moment? But wouldn't the wise like to know! That is a secret of life for our discovery requiring such wisdom, knowledge, and vision, that in comparison the invention of the torpedo was the cutting of a tipcat, and the organization of a beef trust the dressing of a butcher's stall. We haven't more than begun to use our brains yet; so there is still hope for us, when we are beyond the present useful stage of constructive mechanics, having tired of the hard work of digging holes to fill in again.

* * *

MANY clever botanists would be hard put to it to say whether, without the flowers or seed-vessels, some plants were crucifers or not. But, as Fabre points out, the Cabbage White butterfly recognizes an undeveloped crucifer off-hand, though, except as food for the grubs she will never see, the plant is nothing to her. She never makes a mistake; she puts her eggs unfailingly on a plant of some species of that order. If this is inherited memory, then what is inherited memory? It is clear this question might get us involved with the Theosophists before we had pursued it very far.

* * *

FABRE apart, perhaps Thomas Belt, in "The Naturalist in Nicaragua" (a book which deserves some advertising), had an eye divining more in the puzzles of insect life than any writer I know. It was he who discovered that the Sauba ant, the Leaf Cutter, a curiosity peculiar to the American tropics, was an agriculturist, making in cellars mushroom beds of the leaf fragments. Few English sportsmen and naturalists have written much, except rudely, of the insects they met on their journeys, and they who did show interest in that minor life usually were collectors of rarities for rich people at home—an interest in another world from Fabre's or Belt's. For insects, in the tropics, are the chief feature of animal life, both in number and variety. Belt, as an honest observer, has his interest prompted on almost every page by a brief glimpse of some winged mystery in the host; but mentions the jaguar just once. No wonder. On your arrival in the tropics, it is sure to be a winged jewel which tells you that you are in a world entirely strange. The unguarded lamp in the heat of dark, still nights in a hut under the wall of the forest draws in creatures many of which are of forms known only in troubled dreams. The sudden apparition of a Lantern Fly is as startling as an unexpected raid warning, and less believable. A thing like that ought not to be, but there it is. And what is it? What is its part in that astonishing night chorus of the tropics, when the air beats with the pulse of multitudinous life? Nobody knows. If Belt's fine mind had not been under contract to get profits for others out of a gold-mine, we might have had a better book, and known more. And what a world for Fabre! For one problem worth looking into, it is now admitted that the mosquito is the carrier of the cause of malaria. But if the female mosquito has not fed from an infected person, she cannot communicate the disease to you. So how to explain the fact that in one place, where everybody has had malaria, the disease is never worse, even to a newcomer, if he gets it at all, than a bad cold; and yet, in a near and precisely similar country, where the mosquitos never see a human being, because there the land is unexplored and uninhabited, you are sure to get malaria, and in its virulent form. Still, we shall have to wait a bit. There are few Fabres. And all the promising boys are so keen now on aeroplanes.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

A CHAPTER ON AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

"In the Days of Victoria: Some Memories of Men and Things." By T. F. PLOWMAN. (Lane. 10s. 6d.)

It is always comforting to a plain, hard-bitten reader, who has grasped the full significance of that great saying of General Lambert's (one of Oliver's men) which Aubrey in a letter has preserved for us, "the best of men is only man at his best," when a new autobiography comes tripping or stumbling in at the library door. Heaven, and the housemaids, know that there are too many books there already, but an autobiography is always welcome. Regular biographies by an "outside biographer" cannot count upon so cordial a reception, and, indeed, ought never to be admitted until they have undergone the personal insult of a previous perusal. The reason for this differentiation is plain. In the biography, strictly so called, the reader is at the mercy of the biographer, in whose cold grip he remains until after the funeral, an event usually hailed by the reader with unseemly hilarity. The biographer has selected his victim himself, and treats him from the cradle to the grave as he chooses, with glosses, omissions, and (too often) with that measure of undue admiration which is the "trade" disease of this kind of author. To jump off your own shadow is impossible, but anyhow it is your own shadow, however ridiculously lengthened or ludicrously foreshortened it may occasionally be; but to live in your biographer's shadow, to be followed by his infirmities of judgment and expression, would be so grievous a penance for past misdeeds that it is reassuring to be told, as we are almost weekly in the literary columns of our delicately-sensitive Press, that there are only six English biographers worth reading.

How different is the reader's attitude on taking up an autobiography. It may be foolish, it may be scandalous, it is often dull, but even if so, it is with the folly, the scandal, and the dullness of the original. Autobiographies are frequently stuffed with lies, but it is an agreeable pastime to study the demeanor of a liar in the box of his own book. If you doubt me, try "Wraxall's Memoirs."

Autobiographies are often small books, apt to be hid in obscure corners, and sometimes, for good family reasons, placed out of reach, but if you make search for them it is surprising to find how many they muster, and how varied they are in character and contents. I once made an attempt to classify mine, and, though but an imperfect attempt, it made a list too long to be here reproduced, but a few specimens may be given to vouch for the rest. I found I had Artists, Actors, Authors, and Agriculturists; Clowns, Courtiers, and Courtizans; Editors and Egoists; Historians and Hangmen; Impostors, Invalids, and Infidels; Lawyers; Parsons, Peers, Philosophers, Philanthropists, Politicians, and Prize-fighters; Rakes, Rebels, and Reformers; Soldiers, Sailors, Scholars, Saints, and Singers; and so on down to the end of the alphabet. A job lot, it may be said, of more or less damaged goods; but who would not sooner buy a job lot at a sale than bring home the entire collected works of Robertson, Hume, and Dr. Chalmers?—to name three Scotsmen only.

To discuss the literary merits of these autobiographies would be to miss the point. Life is not Literature. One preliminary question, and one only, need be asked—Are they books of good faith? Which is not to ask, Are they true? but is to ask, Are they self-revealing? Martin Tupper has written a most excellent autobiography, and so has Benvenuto Cellini.

I would not care to say that there are not some dull and inept pages in the books referred to in my classified catalogue, but not one of them is dull or inept throughout, whilst most of them give the alert reader glimpses of that compound which we call by the vague, though significant name, Human Nature; and reveal in a startling manner, not to be obtained so well from any other sources of information, the endless varieties, circumstances, and conditions of the lives men lead here below.

The particular autobiography which has provoked these far too sombre reflections, has a fancy title, a thing in itself usually to be avoided as being below the reality of an autobiography, which on its title-page, at least, should never deviate from the sternest veracity. Mr. Plowman has

thought fit to style his autobiography, "In the Days of Victoria: Some Memories of Men and Things." I will hint another fault. Mr. Plowman withholds from his readers the date of his birth (which was in 1844) until the second chapter and the eighth page, and then it occurs in the middle of a paragraph without the month or the day. I like an autobiography to begin straight away, "I was born at four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 22nd of February, 1844," or whenever it precisely was. This holds the reader from the first; and, as the date of a man's birth, determining as it usually does the whole of his intellectual being, is often the most interesting thing about him, it should always be stated, emphatically and at once.

Apart, however, from these not unimportant criticisms, Mr. Plowman's fancy title is not amply justified, for he was, and happily still is, a Victorian at all points. At the date of his birth "Pickwick," that Odyssey of the Age, was just entering upon its seventh year. Mr. Plowman's first "sight" was the Great Exhibition of 1851; his first disappointment was the Koh-i-noor; his first poignant sensation the spectacle of a migratory band of Irish beggars, men, women, and babies, marched through the streets of Oxford to be found food and a night's shelter (before moving on) in the workhouse; his first revelation of Ministerial incapacity, the Crimean War; his first public activity, the Volunteer movement; his first play, that fine old-crust nautical melodrama, "The Wreck Ashore," when, being led behind the scenes (lucky dog) by his father's friend, the once famous Edward Hooper, his boyish eyes were regaled by the sight of one of the ladies of the company "fetching" another lady "a smart smack in the face." Indeed, the whole autobiography breathes the hearty, healthy, and entirely manly (if somewhat thick-skinned) optimism of the Victorian era, and concludes worthily with some glowing, if unconvincing, words of the poet Whittier.

The book is full of agreeable surprises and quick changes. In Mr. Plowman's boyish days he seemed doomed to books and bookishness, for at a surprisingly immature age he entered under the shadow of the Bodleian (for he was born in Oxford) or its annexe the "Camera," where he found congenial employment; and his early talk, almost his infantile babble, is of assistant librarians. For a while I thought the book would ultimately be destined to find a place next Mr. Espinasse's delightful recollections of the British Museum and its amazing chiefs; but in a moment, books and bookishness all disappear, apparently for ever, and the reader, who had grown half-reconciled to the dust-laden atmosphere, finds himself admitted into the very *arcana* of the business of borough elections, and, with a natural sequence, of election petitions for bribery and corruption. In the course of this exciting narrative we are told, for the first time in accurate detail, the sad story of Mr. Thackeray's defeat in 1857 in the City of Oxford. Later on we hear of Harcourt and Chitty. Before we are quite sick of all this questionable business Mr. Plowman whisks us off to the stage, where, in his own character as dramatic author, he achieved great successes in the days of the good Queen. His piece, "Isaac of York; or Normans and Saxons at Home," ran for over one hundred nights, and while its genuinely modest writer never sought to conceal his obligations to the author of "Ivanhoe," it is sad to have to reveal how other less scrupulous persons stole Mr. Plowman's piece, and reproduced it where and whenever they chose, without a word of acknowledgment, or any outward appearance of shame.

Mr. Plowman recalls the past days of the Victorian drama and its chief Palaces of Pleasure with infinite zest, and yet without a touch of exaggeration or affectation.

In truth, the one fault of his autobiography is that its author has not a trace of vanity or of self-delusion; and I am sure I shall have all judicious readers of autobiographies on my side when I declare that not to be able to smile over a vanity ill-concealed, or to chuckle over one openly displayed, is to be deprived, not only of a pleasure great in itself, but one confidently to be anticipated in the pages of an autobiography.

In laying down this excellent book, so reminiscent of vanished sights and faces, of cheerful playhouses long since pulled down and of fashions gone hopelessly out of date—all described with vivacity and honest pleasure—the exclamation of Oliver Goldsmith rises to my lips, "Happy is the man whose genius is adapted to the time in which he lived."

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE GREAT DECISION—No 1.

"... the whole weight of the evil that is in our society is dragging us down, and the whole force of the good that is in it is helping us up."

NOW, OR NEVER

The time is at hand when the people of this country will come to a decision of so tremendous an importance that it cannot be exaggerated.

By this decision they will seal the destiny of England.

To-day England is fighting for her life. To-morrow her life will either be worth dying for still, or not worth twenty years' purchase.

We who have this decision in our hands, who have the future of England in our keeping, who are the trustees of our children's inheritance, let us see what it is that we are called upon to decide.

England must remain either the sole centre and the signal beacon of the great British Commonwealth, able to pay her honourable debts, to keep her pledged word, and to enlarge boundlessly the volume of her world commerce, or, with credit shaken, a prey to internal faction, and her trade diminishing, she must become not merely one of the smaller peoples, but, *so great are her commitments*, a bankrupt State.

What is it that alone can keep her in the van of the nations?

It is the mental and moral qualities of her people.

In the days to come, if the people in this country are not of a keener intelligence and a nobler moral discipline than their thrusting competitors, England will be beaten in the field of trade. She *must* be beaten.

There is no luck in this matter. Nothing is to be gained by a good conceit of ourselves or a round abuse of our rivals. One thing only is inevitably sure, and this is that in the rivalry of industry the best man will win. It is nature's law.

Now, the best man is the most intelligent man.

Let us be honest and ask ourselves, while there is time, whether the democracy of this country is the best educated and the most morally disciplined democracy among the nations of the world?

Can we say with a full confidence that England is entitled to the first place in the world because her

democracy is the best educated and the most morally responsible among the nations of the earth?

If we cannot say this, England is in peril.

She is in peril not only from without, but from within.

For the future of the world belongs to the democracy which is the most rich in education and mental efficiency, which is the most strong in moral power, and which is most vitally conscious of life as a blessing.

The machinery of the modern State is its democracy.

If this human machinery in England is the best in the world, she will not only pay her debts with ease, but she will lead the nations in wise and beneficent reforms, her wealth overflowing into the lives of all her people.

Give her the best democracy in the world; and she will lead the world.

But let her democracy be second, or third, or fourth, and her wealth will depart, with her wealth her credit, and with her credit her domestic peace.

We are deciding at this moment whether England shall be rich or ruined.

For we are deciding whether the children of England are to become trained and efficient citizens or to reach manhood ignorant, discontented, embittered, and demoralised—insufficient for the immense test of the future.

We are deciding whether the children of this nation are to be as well trained for the rivalries of the future as the children of other nations, or worse trained.

We are deciding whether childhood is to be regarded in England as a source of cheap labour for the inefficient manufacturer or as the noblest field of hope from which can rise the future leaders and workers in industry.

Shall we educate our children mentally and morally, keeping them at school till their brains are working and their characters formed, or shall we turn them into the rough world of the factory before they have learned to think and before their characters are strengthened to withstand dangerous influences?

It is for us to decide. And our decision seals the fate of England. *We are deciding the future quality of our English manhood.*

The children of a State are either that State's best insurance policy or its most fatal bill drawn on futurity.

For your own sake, your children's sake, your country's sake, do all you can to push through the Education Bill. Get in touch with your M.P.

DECORATIVE PROSE.

"A Number of Things." By DIXON SCOTT. (Foulis. 5s. net.)
 "Dream English." By WILFRID ROWLAND CHILDE. (Constable. 6s. net.)

LITERARY parallels and analogies are the deuce; like corpse-candles, they dance us into the bog. Enticing as golden apples, they are no sooner bitten than they moulder into dust. Nevertheless, like all the other illusions, we never seem able to get on without them, and the surpassingly rich landscape of English letters is for another thing too appealing to be resisted. For instance, has it been noticed that, while the ages of poetry have enough and to spare to hand on to prose, those of prose keep their art to themselves? We may allow that the eighteenth century was not an age of prose, but only of drawing-room verse, while the Renaissance, the seventeenth century and the Romantic Revival begat the heavenly twins at a birth. And yet to-day, when a good deal of more than passable verse is being written, prose languishes and dies. It is unaccountable. If no literature could grow in the hard clay of our period, the explanation is at hand; but if violets and primroses can sprout in it, why not cabbages and potatoes? The despicable prose of the daily press, that unnatural amalgam of leering cheapness and turgid pedantry, may partly account for it, and the eloquence of statesmen may be giving the finishing stroke to the agonies of expiring prose. We may hope, however, that statesmen and newspapers are not to be completely identified with the national expression. Can we suggest, then, not a solution of the problem, but a guess at it? The prevailing materialism of our age is not candid, as it was in the eighteenth century. It is rather materialism with a picturesque halo about its head and a daisy chain to hide the ample folds of its neck. Poetry, having wings, can fly away and be at rest from the spectacle, but poor prose, "standing on earth, not rapt above the sky," is deceived both of solid foothold and imaginative grasp.

Or it makes a bad bargain between them. "I find," is the quotation from Dixon Scott upon the title-page of these Nature essays, "that they aren't to be done by doggedness. One gets them red-hot: they have to be hammered out in a fury, that's their quality and claim." Having read the essays, one feels that first fine careless rapture is indeed a wonder, but that it would have been not any the worse for second thoughts. The kingdom of heaven is said to be taken by storm, and Dixon Scott attempted to surprise the secrets of the earth by sheer precipitancy. He just plunged and grabbed them by the scruff of the neck. And somehow Nature seems to resent it and to hide herself the deeper. "A black clot of yew leaped out against the grey, in a kind of velvet-footed passion"; "vast constellations of primroses, twinkling galaxies of primroses, ropes and dripping branches and golden swarms of primroses, flashed exultantly upon a vermeil firmament"; a fir-wood, "full of a dumb passion—a remorse that could find no tears"; "the unmistakable stamina of the structure (Nature in winter), too, is a kind of solace. Far more than the sleepy snugness of July, the unpartitioned prospect speaks of power and purpose"; "for it is precisely because they are shocking that our holidays are holy. . . . For it is only by forgetting that we can remember, it is only by rejection that we accept, it is only by making a series of splendid departures that we are able to retain our little *pied-à-terre*"—it is magnificent, but it is not prose, even with alliteration's artful aid, any more than it reveals to us the character and quality of yews, primroses, firwoods, crocuses, rivers, fruits, winters, and holidays. The "cool silken sallies from orchards," the "positive arpeggios of perfume," "the right old reverential joyousness" jockey rather than "magic" us into the lap of Nature.

Mr. Childe's little romance is decorative too—we doubt whether he himself meant it to be more than a delicate exercise, a golden bubble of fancy. As such, its preciousness, its heavy perfume, its slow procession of language, its arabesques, its deliberate matching of syllables and periods, its ornate exquisiteness, elaborately dressed sentences and conscious remoteness are no offence. The colors are mixed for painted figures upon a painted scene, and if his dews are jewels, his moon a scimitar to be packed away with

the other properties when the entertainment is over, they are none the worse for that. We quote a piece rather more undress than the others, to show that Mr. Childe is not to be caught napping:—

"The moon set and the stars were quenched. A pale light shone up through the mists, the cocks wound their horns in all the yards, the light broadened and became rosy. A few birds began to twitter in the apple-trees, a little smoke crept out of the chimneys, gradually there were noises. Then the mists dispersed, and the sun, very red and huge, came up into the clearing blue with a place of dim clouds, pearl-colored, orange and gray. The colors came back into the world, to the yellow trees of November, the wolds colored like dim gentians and the sodden green of the fields. Evenwater shone in the glittering morning; a great flight of rooks moved in a cawing mass from the trees round the churchyard to the plough-lands on Shipscar Hill."

There is more than a promise of beauty in these lines, more than a hint that Mr. Childe will show us hereafter that he can do better than sport so elegantly and acceptably with purple fabrics.

A QUAKER SCHOLAR.

"The Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin." By LOUISE CREIGHTON. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

If the worth of a society be tested by the number of rich, happy, and serviceable personalities it contains and nourishes, the Society of Friends must rank very high. It is of deep significance that it should call itself a Society rather than a Church, recognizing that the spiritual life must be lived out in this world in preparation for another, and that salvation is not an individual but a social achievement. It is this distinctively social character that has enabled the Quakers to play so large and successful a part in many movements of spiritual, intellectual, and material progress. There are other such sects for which, perhaps, a similar claim may be preferred, but not, we think, with so full a measure of truth. If an explanation be sought, it is to be found in the fact that for many generations the Friends have maintained a high standard of intellectual culture upon the foundations of Puritan character. This way of living, carried on from generation to generation, has furnished a rich complex of human personality with an incidental environment of external prosperity.

Such, at any rate, are a few of the general reflections that come from the reading of this book. The reader is at times almost oppressed by the atmosphere of goodness and success. For Thomas Hodgkin had everything that life could bring—years, honor, health, (with the exception of a short breakdown in early manhood), riches, family happiness of a quite unusual kind, leisure, the joys and interests of travel, literary reputation attained without struggle and unaccompanied by drawbacks and disappointments. But the best of all was the possession of one of those rare natures that ripen best in such prosperity. For it is hardly possible to say that Thomas Hodgkin would have been a better man had he been compelled to struggle with poverty or other adverse circumstances. The learning which enabled him to write that great work "Italy and her Invaders" did not breed in him intellectual pride. Nor did wealth make him selfish or conservative; though, possibly, the ease of acquiring it may have been responsible for a failure, common to most wealthy men, to analyze the social-economic structure of society with that same penetration which was brought to bear upon other fields of study.

Though a man of determined principles and quite fearless in expression, Dr. Hodgkin never got into acrimonious controversy. This was partly due to his easy, sunny temperament, but partly also to the moderate position which he was disposed to take in matters of dispute. His labors as historian probably educated in him an unusually judicial mind, and a capacity for seeing the other side. This moderateness was evinced in his attitude towards certain characteristically Quaker tenets; as, for example, a refusal to condemn all wars of defence. His position upon the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is thus stated:—

"Neither in our Saviour's own mind, nor in the minds of those who listened to Him, was there the least element of thought as to what might be the duty of Christians when gathered into that kind of community which we call a 'State,' in possession of the State's machinery and

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responsible for its working. . . . I am inclined, therefore, to think that if our Saviour now returned to earth, and if one of His disciples asked for His guidance on the question whether he might use police force to protect property or military force to repel unjust attack by a foreign Power, He would not withhold the required permission."

In practical politics the same moderation and eclecticism are discernible. Even as a young man he was revolted by the "chuckling" of John Bright over the English failure at the Redan and at the Great Tribune's "capacity for hating." Though in general a critic of the bellicosity and imperialism of the Palmerston and Disraeli Governments, he was captured later on for a short time by the apparent righteousness of the Boer War, though fuller knowledge brought a later disavowal. A Unionist for many years, he returned to the Liberal fold when the Protectionist flag was unfurled by Chamberlain, and even made Free-trade speeches upon Northern platforms. But his heart was not in politics, and even in many of the practical activities of the Society of Friends he only took an intermittent part, though right up to the end of his long life he was an ardent friend of education, and would spend himself freely upon lecture work, both for the Society and for the neighborhood in which he lived.

He had through life a multitude of closely attached friends. Some of them were companions of boyhood, drawn from Quaker families — Frys, Peases, Backhouses, Foxes; others drawn by common intellectual interests, such as Creighton and Bryce; and his means and leisure enabled him to move about and enjoy much of their society. But, above all, he was a devoted family man, drawing the abounding affection of all his household, and possessed of that sympathetic vitality which can give easily and to all comers. Though no man could live for over fourscore years without tasting sorrow, we seem to find in Thomas Hodgkin, as depicted here, the most complete example of virtue rewarded by happiness that has come within our notice in these later days. Nor does the word virtue do justice to his nature, which was not so much one of righteousness as of a persistent spiritual glow which was always moving him to kindness and helpfulness.

The present Master of Balliol, Mr. A. L. Smith, bears this testimony: "I always came away from him with higher thoughts and the feeling of having breathed purer air: his walk with God was so real. He was one of those men who make us feel that personality is more real and more immortal than anything else in this world. . . . He certainly had the secret of happiness, unselfishness, and sympathy."

SELF AND THE COSMOS.

"Reality and Truth: A Critical and Constructive Essay concerning Knowledge, Certainty, and Truth." By JOHN G. VANCE, M.A. (Cantab.), Ph.D. (Lov.), Member of the British Philosophical Society, Professor of Philosophy at Old Hall. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Elements of Constructive Philosophy." By J. S. MACKENZIE, Litt.D., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Logic and Philosophy, University College, Cardiff, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is the convention of modern philosophical writers, in prefacing any bulky volume, to confess that their work is only an essay and in no wise aims at completeness. We should therefore be agreeably excited, in opening Mr. Vance's book, to learn that the author "has attempted to lay bare the last supports on which everything must rest. . . . In general, it will be found that the conclusions of our study are both precise and satisfying." Mr. Vance's convictions are not, however, infectious. He calls himself a Critical Realist, pays homage to Aristotle, depreciates Kant, and declares that "there exists a real world of which we can have ample scientific and philosophic knowledge." This may be, but we find that Mr. Vance's Real World tends to participate in the same evasiveness which Kant admitted. We know, he tells us, by the "principle of causality," that matter exists; for it must exist to be the cause of our sensations. And "all our knowledge of whatsoever kind is bound up with the actual or supposed existence of matter." As "there cannot be any positive science of the immaterial as such, all that we may know of a spirit or of the immaterial world is given in negative terms," we expect at least a very positive and satisfactory

definition of matter; but when we come to the point on p. 175 we read that by matter we mean "just precisely the reality of the extra-mental world."

Here are Mr. Vance's two (*sic*) "outstanding facts or laws" which govern the acquisition of knowledge:

1. Reality is grasped by the mind in a way that is proper to itself.

2. Knowledge demands some similarity between the knowing person and the known reality.

3. Knowledge is ultimately based upon the coincidence of activities between the person and the reality."

No. 3 is hardly an improvement upon Aristotle's subtle theory. Mr. Vance's theological argument is more striking:

"We start with the facts—here the insistent fact of change in all its myriad forms. We apply our search-principle of causality: we erect hypothesis (*sic*): we dismiss those which fail to explain all the facts: finally, we are led by the pressure of the facts to the conclusion that God exists." After this, we turn back to find an episcopal imprimatur: but it is not there.

Professor Mackenzie's book is a very different thing, and deserves to be reviewed in very different company. The author is one of the most distinguished of contemporary Idealists, and it is therefore regrettable to have to register the fact that the chief excess of his book is excess of modesty. In attempting to write a sort of text-book of modern philosophical problems, Professor Mackenzie has allowed his own views to be obscured by his conscientious attention to those of other writers. As a text book, this is a scholarly volume which provides a reliable guide to contemporary technical work; the author may be regarded as an authority upon the writings of such men as Messer, Driesche, and Ehrenfels. To anyone unacquainted with the peculiar philosophical provinces which have been developed within the last ten or fifteen years, Mr. Mackenzie's discussions of such subjects as the theory of Order and Valuation should prove very interesting.

As for Mr. Mackenzie's own theories, which are indubitably worthy of close attention, the "elements" are present, but not altogether assembled. There is less satisfaction to be obtained, in fact, than from his valuable contributions to "Mind," some of which have gone towards the present volume; here, it is difficult to extract a definitive opinion on many of the points discussed. We should like to have in more detail Professor Mackenzie's criticisms of Mr. Bradley, whom he rates very high, but from whom he differs on important issues. Differences between philosophers of the same school are of great interest, and the dissimilarity between these two would have transpired if Mr. Mackenzie had pursued his discussion of Value to a conclusion. He holds that the transition from subjective to objective (intrinsic) value occurs in the recognition of the value of the object as instrumental (p. 284). This would seem to make against the existence of intrinsic value altogether, but Professor Mackenzie holds by such value as firmly as Mr. Moore. As an Idealist he is led to say that it is doubtful whether anything can properly be said to have intrinsic value, in the full sense of the word, except the Cosmos, regarded as a perfectly coherent and beautiful whole, but he leaves the matter without formally accepting or rejecting the conclusion in which Mr. Bradley and Mr. Bosanquet seem to concur, that the whole is the standard of value without itself having value. In the meantime, he regards Truth, Beauty, and Goodness provisionally as having intrinsic value; does he mean the Concepts, the Ideals, or the objects which possess these qualities?

It is to be hoped that Professor Mackenzie will proceed to give us a sharper, more conclusive statement of his own philosophy. Meanwhile, the present book must be considered as worth the study of two classes of readers, those who want to know what contemporary philosophy is thinking about, and those who are better informed and want to know how contemporary Idealism is developing.

There is only one statement in the footnotes that might be qualified. On p. 475 the writings of Professor Deussen are mentioned as containing what is probably the best account of Oriental thought. "Oriental" is too large a term. Deussen had done admirable translations of the Upanishads and the Vedanta, and as an interpreter of Indian thought has few competitors; but it must always be remembered that he is a disciple of Schopenhauer, and has a taint of German romanticism which is foreign to India.

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Apart from these general tendencies, during the last dozen years they had endeavored by the agency of subsidiary land and cattle companies to control and develop new sources for the supply of raw material. This policy had borne good fruit during the war. These precautions taken in past years had ensured plentiful supplies and their material had not increased in price to anything like the extent of the raw material of some other industries.

Taking all this into consideration, they felt that, with the increased sales and profits outside Bovril itself, they should be able to keep the company's revenue at a pre-war standard without adding to the hardships of the community.

Some shareholders might say that theirs was not a philanthropic institution, but a commercial undertaking which should try to secure the biggest possible immediate profits. There was no ground he would sooner be attacked upon than that of not having raised the price of a standard article of dietary during this time of food hardship, especially meat-food hardship, and he believed the vast majority of the shareholders would heartily endorse and approve this attitude. That their whole attitude in this matter would redound to the credit of Bovril he had little doubt, for what better goodwill could they have in years to come than for the public to remember and say: "Bovril had its opportunity, but did not profiteer?"



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Good wives need no biographies; and, unfortunately for the interest of this collection, the wives of Prime Ministers present a uniform standard of excellence. That Lady Peel was noted for her *cuisine*, that Lady Palmerston wrote out all her invitations in her own hand, that Mrs. Gladstone's genius found its best expression in the "hot dinners of suitable food," which she had always ready any time between eight and twelve—such are the records with which Miss Elizabeth Lee illuminates the "study of great political careers viewed from a woman's angle." The woman's angle, with a few exceptions, is modestly withdrawn from the political horizon. Lady Peel confessed herself "no politician"; Lady Palmerston's view of affairs is summed up in the statement that "she thought her husband always in the right"; whilst that admiration for her husband's every attribute which Mrs. Disraeli was never tired of proclaiming to the world—"Oh, but you should see my Dizzy in his bath!" she one day enthusiastically exclaimed—stopped well short of his statesmanship. Mr. Gladstone is said sometimes to have consulted his wife when there was a difficulty between Ministers; but no one who reads their lives can doubt that it was a selfless devotion to his bodily needs that was the secret of Mrs. Gladstone's extraordinary value as a wife. Mrs. Masterman's two contributions furnish the exceptions to this rule of passive and instinctive femininity. Contentious, intellectual, and unconventional, Lady Salisbury lived in an atmosphere of political discussion, wrote articles for the "Saturday Review," and kept the party together by systematic and industrious entertaining. Lady Campbell-Bannerman's influence over her husband was no secret to anyone who knew them. When, in the winter of 1905, the question of the leadership of the Liberal Party was still undecided, and all one afternoon and evening negotiations had continued without a decision being made, it was agreed that Sir Henry should go home to dinner and talk the matter over with his wife.

"Had the negotiators been wise they would have clinched their bargain then. The Sir Henry who returned to them after dinner was a very different person. It is said that he came into the room crying 'No surrender,' and nothing would induce him to contemplate the course they pressed. When once he did make up his mind they knew it was no good arguing. They were conscious that behind his decision was the determination of a more implacable and more immovable personality than his own, and they were obliged to give way."

The career of Lady Caroline Lamb, who was not a good wife, and never lived to be the wife of a Prime Minister, is the only one of this collection which presents the smallest extra-matrimonial interest. This "wild, delicate, odd, delightful person, unlike everything," as her friends described her, was framed by nature for disaster, which not the best and most patient of husbands could avert. When Lady Caroline was thirteen William Lamb fell in love with her, five years later he proposed and she refused, a few months afterwards they were married. Lady Caroline felt for her husband an affection which lasted through their separation and outlived all her infatuations for other men. But to Byron she gave a reckless and romantic passion which was the deepest experience of her life. When first she saw him at a party, she turned away, describing him in her diary as "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know"; but a few days after they met again, and "That beautiful pale face is my fate," became her epitaph. Byron, who at first was strongly attracted, described her as "the cleverest, most agreeable, absurd, amiable, perplexing, dangerous, fascinating little being that lives now, or ought to have lived two thousand years ago"; but after nine months of reckless, importunate, and public pursuit she tired him out. The cruel letter in which he besought her to "correct her vanity" and to leave him in peace, threw her into a fever seriously threatening her reason. Thanks to her mother's nursing, she recovered; burned Byron's effigy ceremoniously at Brockett, wrote an "occasional" poem, and wondered what she should do with her life.

"Should she live a good sort of half-kind of life in some cheap street, or above a shop, or give lectures to little children and keep a school and so earn her bread? Or should she write a quiet, everyday sort of novel, full of wholesome truths, or attempt to be poetical; or, if she

failed, beg her friends for a guinea apiece and their name to sell her work 'on the best foolscap paper'; or should she fret and die?"

She did none of these things; but William Lamb, driven to desperation by her eccentricities, arranged for a separation. Lady Caroline mourned and danced, wrote clever letters, sentimental novels and poems, and flirted brilliantly, unhappily, and probably innocently, till her death. Her conversation has been described by Bulwer (who, eighteen years her junior, as an undergraduate, fell in love with her), as—

"combining great and sudden contrasts, from deep pathos to infantine drollerly; now sentimental, now shrewd, it sparkled with anecdotes of the great world and of the eminent people among whom she had lived. Ten minutes after it became gravely eloquent with religious enthusiasm, or shot off into metaphysical speculations—sometimes profound—generally suggestive and illuminating."

Lady Caroline had tragic moments, but she was too fantastic and fairylike a character for high tragedy. She is probably her best critic when, some years after her connection with Byron was ended, she wrote:—

"I am like the wreck of a little boat, for I never come up to the sublime and beautiful—merely a little gay, merry boat which perhaps stranded itself at Vauxhall or London Bridge—or wounded without killing itself, as a butterfly does in a tallow candle."

The Week in the City.

THERE has been nothing to encourage the Stock Markets during the week, and a good deal to depress them, including Mr. Bonar Law's statement that he saw no prospects of peace. The National War Bonds campaign has produced a lot of money, though the provision of it is likely to result in further inflation. During the last week the reduction of Treasury Bills only amounted to 3½ millions, in spite of big revenue returns due to income-tax collection. Underwriters were left with only 24 per cent. of the New South Wales loan. Most of the movements in home securities have been downwards. No one can wonder that the boom in brewery shares is subsiding. Reports from the United States show that transport on the railways has been very badly held up, and the Government Press on this side has begun to tell us to expect worse food conditions, though our French Allies have enough and to spare. Thursday's Bank Return showed a slightly reduced reserve.

In the Money Market, supplies have not been very plentiful, and short loans have been procurable at from 2 to 3 per cent. Discount rates are from 3½ to 3¾ per cent. There is a good deal of anxiety about the American cotton crop which has been attacked by the pink bollworm over a vast area from Texas to Mexico. Last year's crop of 2,000 bales was unusually small. The crop of 1914 was over 7,000 bales, according to a writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette."

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The report of Harrod's Stores Ltd. for the year ended January 31st last does not point to any increase of economy on the part of the company's patrons. Gross profits increased by no less than £129,700, while net profits were £47,300 higher at £282,300, expenses showing an increase of £82,400, chiefly under the heading of wages, salaries, etc. The following summary shows how the company has fared since the beginning of the war:—

	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17	1917-18
Gross Profits	£ 906,300	£ 791,800	£ 886,700	£ 1,016,400
Expenses	597,100	588,900	651,700	734,100
Net Profit	309,200	250,900*	235,000	282,300
Staff Fund			5,800	14,100
Reserve	21,300	9,500	12,100	16,000
Preference Dividend	47,700	60,000	60,000	60,000
Founders' Shares	86,100	49,500	49,600	67,100
Ordinary Dividend	156,000	120,000	90,000	90,000
	(26%)	(20%)	(15%)	(15%)
Carried forward	1,900	+ 11,900	+ 17,400	+ 35,100

* Includes £48,000 transferred from Reserve.

The recovery since the first setback caused by the war is clearly visible. Payments to dependents of members of the staff with the forces is responsible for the increase under the heading of Staff Funds. The Founders' shares receive £17,500 more, but the ordinary dividend is maintained at 15 per cent., the balance forward being increased by £35,100. The distribution on the Founders' shares is at the rate of nearly 4,800 per cent. The Founders' Shares Company pays a dividend of 43½ per cent. and carries forward £3,202.

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